McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor | OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY | TERMS: $1.25 Per Year

VOL. XLIII. | SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1906. | NO. 51

State Library Major

FIREMAN BADLY INJURED ON THE P., S. & N. ROAD

Frank R. Hoffman Has Thrilling Experience Saturday Night.

HE FELL FROM A MOVING FREIGHT

Into Marvin Creek and Sustained a Fractured Skull and Other Injuries—Was Taken to Hospital at Ridgway Monday Afternoon—He May Live.

Frank R. Hoffman, fireman on the P., S & N. railroad, fell from the engine of his train near Comes, about four miles from this place, last Saturday evening and received serious injuries.

The train was a through freight from Hornell, N. Y., bound for St. Marys, and it had passed through this borough about 7:10 p. m. in charge of Engineer F. J. Mullaney and Conductor Wm. Dumjohn. Fireman Hoffman was seen shortly before reaching Comes by the engineer and at that time he was engaged in raking the fire under the boiler. When the train had proceeded a mile or so further the engineer discovered that his fireman was missing and he hastily stopped the train and gave the alarm to the crew. The train backed slowly toward Comes and a careful search made along the track for him. Arriving at the bridge across Marvin creek, a short distance this side of the Comes station, the men started down the stream. They had gone but a short distance when cries for help were heard and hurrying in the direction of the sound they found Hoffman lying on a brush pile on the bank of the creek, about 300 feet below the bridge.

With care and as much comfort as possible the man was placed on the train, brought to Smethport and taken to the Wright House, where Dr. Burg Chadwick, surgeon for the Shawmut railroad, made an examination of the unfortunate man's injuries and it was found he had sustained a large scalp wound just over the right ear, several cuts and bruises on the face and a fracture of the arm. A more thorough examination developed a fractured skull and in order to relieve the pressure on the brain Dr. Chadwick, assisted by Dr. W. A. Ostrander, the trepanning operation was resorted to. The man rested as comfortable as possible on Sunday, and on Monday he seemed to be on the gain and it was decided to take him to hospital at Ridgway and late in the afternoon a special train on the Shawmut conveyed the injured man to that place. He was accompanied by Dr. Chadwick and his mother and two brothers of St. Mary, who had been at the bedside of the man since early Sunday morning.

As near as can be learned the accident happened in about this way. Hoffman was tending to his duties and either slipped or made a misstep and fell from the rapidly moving train. In falling it is thought that he struck the railroad ties, then the bridge and from there fell into the creek. This would have been enough for most men to lose consciousness, but Hoffman retained his senses and boldly made for the shore and fortunately climbed out of the stream by means of the brush pile lying along the bank. It is thought that this brush pile was the means of saving him from drowning, as the water in the creek was high and the current very swift and doubtless he would have been carried to his death.

Although experiencing this trying ordeal and sustaining the above named serious injuries at no time did he lose consciousness but was able to understand and recognize friends at all times. On Monday he was able to converse with his mother. It is believed that unless complications develop he will live. All in all it was a lucky, though unfortunate accident.

The New Moving Pictures.

The way the Lyman H. Howe Moving Picture Company keeps bounding ahead year after year is not only a fine indication of their popularity, but an emphatic guarantee of their superiority. They will present their program of entirely new subjects in the Smethport Lyceum on Wed. Dec. 26.

Mr. Howe's pictures possess more attractiveness, more infinite charm, more dash and originality than any other similar entertainment. For these reasons it remains to-day as it has always been for the past twelve years—easily the peer of all moving picture exhibitions. Their appearance here will attract all admirers of clean and wholesome amusement, as it does all over the country.

Miss Williams begs to inform her many Smethport friends that she has placed on sale her hand painted china with Mr. Redfield.

"Munsing Union Suits" for men, women and children. A necessity for comfort, at Lindholm's.

Christmas stationery at Dickinson's.

SENATOR MATSON DEAD.

He Passed Away at His Home in Bradford Saturday Night.

Hon. Myron Matson died at his home on Congress street, Bradford, shortly before 12 o'clock Saturday night, after a protracted illness, due chiefly to the enlargement of the heart and liver.

From the Bradford Era we take the following in regard to the life of this useful man:

"The deceased was born at Rushford, Allegany county, N. Y., Sept. 13, 1850 When he was but four years old his parents moved to Franklinville, N. Y., where he passed his early life, attending the public schools there and also being a student at Tenbrook academy. In 1870 he left home and engaged in oil well work at Tidioute, Pa., and, thereafter, in different districts, he followed the petroleum industry, eventually becoming a producer in the Bradford and other fields. He was president of the Matson Oil Co., the Victor Oil Co., and a member of the Devonian Oil Co. He was also identified with the Inca Mining Co. of Peru, South America, and the Bradford-Alaskan Mining Co. of Alaska. Since the opening of the Mid-continent fields he became prominently connected with the oil business in Kansas and the Indian Territory, having large holdings there, individually and as a member of producing corporations. He also had large interests in the Illinois field. He was very successful and amassed a large fortune. Mr. Matson was a director of the Commercial National Bank of this city.

"Mr. Matson was active as a Republican and was recognized as a local leader, being county chairman for several terms. In 1900 he was elected as Senator from the 25th district, comprising the counties of McKean, Potter and Tioga. He was re-elected four years later and his death now leaves the district without a representative in the upper House of the State Legislature.

"In the State Senate Mr. Matson proved to be a most energetic, influential and efficient member and in recognition of his sagacity and judgment in State matters he was placed on some of the most important of State committees, being chairman of several. He was instrumental in having passed several important bills. At times when appropriation bills were being opposed strongly by those who would have them reduced his efforts in behalf of local hospital appropriations were successful and his constituents, thereby, were well served.

"Mr. Matson was a man of unchanging affability. He always had a pleasant word for everybody Even his political opponents admired his simple honesty of manner and method and his cordial and straightforward frankness. In a quiet and effective way he was philanthropic and helpful. Numerous benefactions, known only to the recipients, were bestowed by him in cases that elicited his interest. If he could help a worthy person to a position or to obtain deserved advancement, he was ever ready to render service. The deceased was public-spirited and had Bradford's welfare always at heart. Senator Matson was a citizen of most exemplary qualities and one who will be keenly missed in this community.

"The deceased is survived by his widow, and by two sons, Calvin Matson of Bartlesville, I. T., and Bruce H. Matson of Bradford. He likewise leaves one brother, Randolph Matson of Bolivar, N. Y., and one sister, Mrs. B. H Bacon of Canadea, N. Y.

"He belonged to the different local bodies of the Masonic fraternity and to the Bradford, Merchants and Country Clubs of this city."

The funeral was held under the auspices of Trinity Commandery, No. 58, Knights Templar, at the family residence, No. 130 Congress street, Tuesday afternoon at 2 o'clock, Rev. H. W. Bieber and Rev. M. H. Houghton assisting briefly in the exercises.

The body was temporarily placed, pending the erection of a mausoleum for the Matson family, in the Emery mausoleum, at Oak Hill.

Notice of Annual Meeting.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Hamlin Bank & Trust Co. for the election of five directors for the ensuing year, and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before the meeting, will be held at the office of the company, 100 Main Street, Smethport, Pa., on Tuesday, the 8th day of January, 1907, at 2 o'clock p. m.

R. E. BURDICK, Sec'y.
Smethport, Pa., Dec. 19, 1907.

Fine Fall Millinery.

For all the latest creations in fall and winter millinery you should see my stock. The very finest materials and best style is used in all my headgear.

CARRIE REILLY CLARK.

A suit case or a traveling bag makes an excellent gift at any time. My line is complete and the best.

CHARLES LEMMLER.

"Queen Quality" is as the name denotes the highest quality. Insist on being fitted with Queen Quality shoes.

At Lindholm's.

A large and assorted line of candies, fruits and nuts for the Christmas trade at Brasted's.

Full line of toys at Dickinson's.

A. N. SQUIRES CRUSHED UNDER CAR WHEELS.

Death Occurred at Port Allegany Tuesday Morning.

BODY WAS TERRIBLY MANGLED.

Father of Mrs. J. B. Eastman—Was a Veteran of the Civil War and a Highly Respected Citizen—Funeral to be Held To-Day at Port Allegany.

A. N. Squires met with a horrible accident early Tuesday morning which resulted in almost instant death. Mr. Squires was employed in the Allegany Window Glass Company's plant and when going to work between 5 and 6 o'clock he was struck by a C. & P. A. R. R. switch engine and horribly mangled. Both legs were cut off and his body badly crushed, the engine passing entirely over his body.

In going to his work Mr. Squires usually crossed the tracks near the depot and this morning it is said that he stepped on a C. & P. A. switch and was waiting for the Pennsylvania flyer to pass when the previously mentioned engine ran him down, the noise of the flyer drawing his attention so that he did not hear the other train.

The accident was discovered at once and his body was picked up by careful hands but he was past all human aid. His remains were taken in charge by an undertaker and removed to his late home.

Mr. Squires was aged about 65 years and had lived in McKean county nearly all his life. He was a resident of Eldred for a great many years and had resided in Port Allegany for the past three or four years. He was a veteran of the Civil War, a member of the G. A. R., and a man who was highly respected by a large circle of friends throughout the county.

He is survived by a wife and four children, one being Mrs. Eastman of this borough, wife of John B. Eastman, register of wills of McKean county, who with the members of the family have the sympathy of many friends in this borough.

At the time of the accident Mrs. Squires was lying seriously ill at her home with pneumonia and a son is just recovering from an attack of appendicitis, and this blow will be an unusually hard one for the relatives to bear.

The funeral services will be held at Port Allegany to-day.

Death of Mrs. Scranton.

Mrs. Julia E. (Kittredge) Scranton, formerly of this place, died at her home in New Haven, Conn., last Friday evening, aged 71 years. The supposed cause of her death is heart failure. She was perfectly well the day of her death, but as she was retiring for the night she suddenly collapsed and expired within a few minutes

The subject of this sketch was born at New Brighton, Mass., Nov. 28, 1835, and when a young lady was united in marriage to Captain Bigelow. With him she visited nearly every country in the world and had many souvenirs of her travels until they were destroyed in the opera house fire in this place. Some years after the death of Captain Bigelow she was married to Chas. F. Kittredge, who about 1878 came to Smethport and erected the Kittredge Opera House. After the death of Mr. Kittredge his wife continued to manage the opera house until the night of Nov. 28, 1898 (her 63rd birthday) when it was completely destroyed by fire. In this fire she would have lost her life had it not been for her faithful pet dog, "Dandy." This little animal gave the first alarm of fire to his master and both Mrs. Kittredge and "Dandy" were quite badly burned at the time.

When Mrs. Kittredge had got her business matters settled she returned East, among her friends and relatives, to spend the rest of her days. On Oct. 18th, 1905, she was united in marriage to Mr. Worthington Scranton, a prosperous business man of New Haven, Conn., who survives to deeply mourn her loss.

During her residence in Smethport she made many firm friends who will sincerely mourn her demise. She was kind and considerate of the feelings of all with whom she came in contact with and possessed such a sweet, lovable disposition that all who knew her loved and respected her.

Dade's Little Liver Pills thoroughly clean the system, good for lazy livers, makes clear complexions, bright eyes and happy thoughts. For sale by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport; C. A. Anderson, Colegrove, Pa.

Lost—A pair of "Queen Quality Shoes." Liberal reward if returned to Lindholm's.

The Acme Cushion Sole Shoe for Ladies, at Rubin's Shoe Store.

Try Dickinson's hot drinks.

A Pleasing Entertainment.

"The Union Depot" pleased a large and enthusiastic audience at the Lyceum last evening. The performance was produced by local talent, and, like all previous entertainments of this nature, showed that this borough is not lacking for talent.

"The Union Depot" is a pleasing and amusing one act farce comedy. The scene of the play is a depot with all the accessories, such as lunch counter, ticket office, etc. Space will not allow mention of each person taking part, but it is needless to say that all the parts were ably handled and the unique costumes and make-ups helped to bring out the mirth. Besides the play a number of well rendered solos, and choruses were given and each one from the children's chorus which opened the performance to "The Grand Old Flag" solo and chorus just before the curtain went down, were pleasing features of the evening. Much credit must be given to Miss Hummel, who had the entertainment in charge, for the work she accomplished in bringing the performance up to such a high standard of excellence in such a short time.

Rev. J. F. Dugan of St. Elizabeth's church has requested us to thank all who took part in the performance, and to the people of Smethport and vicinity for the hearty patronage accorded.

"What Happened to Jones."

A hearty laugh will cure more than a barrel of medicine, so if you are blue or in trouble go to see "What Happened to Jones." You'll laugh the heartiest laugh you ever laughed. My word! but you will laugh and when you are through laughing once you'll start all over and laugh again. You'll laugh steadily for over two hours. You'd laugh longer only the play runs out in about that time, more's the pity.

"What Happened to Jones," by right of conquest, owns the title of the "masterpiece of farce comedy." It has conquered more audiences than any play, farce or otherwise, in a decade.

When the curtain goes up on the first act, there is a laugh; when the curtain goes down on the last act, you are still laughing, and what is more consoling after a hard day's work than a good, hearty laugh? It makes life worth the living, doesn't it?

The company headed by Richard Milton, is acclaimed everywhere as the strongest ever seen in this play. In Mr. Milton's support will be seen such well known artists as Edward Fawcett, DeWitt C. Mott, Harry Doruton, W. J. Kane, Juliette Atkinson, Marie Rawson, Emma Gallagher, Bertha Livingstone, Edith M. Cooke and Eva Marley.

Manager Clark is indeed fortunate in securing the booking of the aggregation at his theatre next Monday evening

Appointments by Foreman Waite.

List of appointments made for the year 1907 by J. W. Waite, foreman, Smethport Hose Co.

Leading hosemen or nozzlemen: S. E. Bell, E. E. Andrews, Frank Dunbar, I. J. Hannold, F. H. Umgiville, Roy Stark.

General hosemen: Lloyd Armstrong, D. M. Brasted, Earl Hafner, Webb Hopper, J. E. Mundy, H. S. Rubin, George Shillenn, Samuel Rayner.

Hydraulmen: Leo Digel, E. W. Strong.

Laddermen: S. S. Fry, B. T. Garlick, J. M. Hornlein, Fred Purtle, Edwin Bates, R. E. Burdick, commander.

Balance of members to be known as fire police and be commanded by the president and vice president who shall have entire control and command of said fire police, said officers to be known at fires as chief and ass't chief. The duties of the fire police is to keep all persons not firemen out of and away from the burning building or buildings so as not to molest or hinder the firemen in their work; shall also see to the removal of property from burning buildings, see that it is taken to a place of safety and guarded until fire is out and owner or his representative is notified.

Resolutions of Respect.

The members of Valley Grange at a regular meeting adopted the following resolutions of respect:

Whereas, the Great Ruler in His infinite power has seen fit to call from this earth a valued member of our fraternal order, be it

Resolved, That while we bow in submission to His will, we hereby express our sorrow at the loss of our sister, Mrs. Jennie Mealus.

Resolved, That the members of Valley Grange tender the relatives of the deceased their heartfelt sympathy in their bereavement.

Resolved, That the charter of this Grange be draped for a period of thirty days, that these resolutions be spread on the minutes of our order, that they be printed in the county papers and Grange News and that a copy be sent to the sorrowing relatives.

MRS. HENRIETTA STULL,
MRS. HENRY COOK,
C. L. PALMER.

Before buying a suit case or traveling bag call and look over my stock.

CHARLES LEMMLER.

LARGE FORTUNE BEQUEATHED TO HIS DAUGHTER.

Robt. M Marshall Dies in Denver.... Leaves Fortune of $25,000.

HER WHEREABOUTS UNKNOWN.

Mrs. Grace M. Nobles of Smethport and Daniel L. Thomas of McKean County are Also Named Beneficiaries—The Parties Can not be Located Here.

Shortly after the MINER had gone to press last Thursday the following telegram was received from the Denver, Colo., Post: "Please detail man at our expense to locate Mrs. Grace M. Nobles and Daniel L. Thomas, beneficiaries in the will of Robert M. Marshall, who died in Denver hospital. Does Mrs. Nobles, or McLean, know where Marshall's wife, who eloped a quarter of a century ago, is, and where is daughter she gave birth to in Mercer, Pa., hospital that long ago. Fortune awaits the girl. Please rush what you know and continue investigation."

A representative of this paper interviewed a number of the older residents of Smethport and vicinity with the hope of finding someone who had known these persons, but no clue could be obtained in this section. The only Daniel Thomas known was Stephen Daniel Thomas, who at one time lived between here and Port Allegany. A thorough investigation though proved he was not the man wanted.

The Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph had also sent a telegram desiring information so an answer was sent them for more details. The reply was: "Robert Marshall lying in hospital left fortune to daughter after mother had eloped with another man 25 years ago. Girl was born in Mercer hospital. Part of the estate left to Marshall's sister, Mrs. Grace M. Nobles, and part also goes to Daniel L. Thomas of McKean county. Marshall once lived in McKean county. Only clue to girl's identity left by father is she had two moles near right and left arm. Can you locate her aunt, Mrs. Nobles, or Thomas and learn missing girl's name and residence."

Another thorough investigation from other sources revealed nothing and on Saturday morning another telegram was received from Pittsburg stating: "Is there any record of Robert M. Marshall mortgaging farm to Daniel L. Thomas? Did Marshall own such McKean county farm? Marshall left money to lift the mortgage."

With this information it looked as if some clue might be obtained, but with the assistance of a court house official we made a complete search among the court records and there are no records of Marshall mortgaging land to Daniel L. Thomas or of Thomas holding mortgage against Marshall.

It is certainly a mystery. There seems to be no question but that Mrs. Nobles lived in or near Smethport at some time and that both Thomas and Marshall were residents of this county, but no trace of them can be found. We have devoted quite a little time to the matter and are no nearer now to a clue than when we started. Should any of the readers have knowledge of any of those persons the information will be gratefully received at this office.

Since the above has been put into type we have learned that Mrs. L. C. Nobles of Franklin claims to be Marshall's sister, but she also claims that she does not have any remembrance of a daughter being born.

Court Sentences Prisoners.

Court adjourned last Friday. The case of the Commonwealth vs. Frank Vetri, an Italian from Ludlow, who was on trial as the paper went to press, charged with stabbing a fellow countryman, resulted in a verdict of guilty. A motion was made in court by Vetri's counsel for arrest of judgment in order to bring a new trial and was refused. He was sentenced to pay the costs, $100 fine and undergo imprisonment in the Western penitentiary at Allegheny for two years and six months.

George Baker, who pleaded guilty to the larceny of a blanket from the Kreinson store in Bradford, was sentenced to serve four months in the county jail and pay a fine of $25 and costs.

Wm. Fox, who also pleaded guilty to theft of several articles from the Edgett cottage at Bradford, did not think it was a case of burglary, but the court had another opinion and Wm. was sentenced to pass two years in the Western penitentiary and pay $100 fine and costs of prosecution.

A writer of the present day says that a better school hose for boys and girls cannot be produced for 15c than the Bear Skin. Lindholm's.

Brasted's bakery is the place for fruits nuts, etc. The stock is fresh.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old. Taken from the Files.

In June, 1884, the report reached this county from northern Michigan that Brewster Freeman, Esq., one of the oldest residents of this county, had wandered away from his friends while travelling through a piece of woods in that country and had not been found. The woods were searched for miles around and for days after he disappeared, but no trace of him, not even a footprint, could be discovered. He was known to have had quite a sum of money and a gold watch with him when he left this county a short time before, and it was feared that he had been foully dealt with. Major John C. Backus and Dr. S. D. Freeman of this place returned recently from that section of Michigan where Mr. Freeman so mysteriously disappeared. They bring with them a rumor of that country which might solve the mystery surrounding Mr. Freeman's disappearance. In the piece of woods where he was last known to be a couple of men were recently cutting out a log-road. In sawing a large hollow log into two pieces they cut through a man's body. It was frozen solid but there was no appearance of any violence or unnatural causes having brought about the individual's death. Even his watch and pocketbook were on his person and apparently undisturbed. When Messrs. Freeman and Backus left that country to come east none of the friends of Mr. Freeman had yet seen the body but the feeling is very strong that it is his. It is supposed that after leaving his daughter, with whom he was travelling through the woods, and who was compelled to stop for a short time and with the driver remove some obstruction in the road, he took the wrong trail and wandered out into the forest. Night came on and becoming exhausted he sought shelter in the hollow log. Whether he got in when he could not get out, or whether he died from exhaustion will probably remain a mystery, but his friends are confident that his is the body which was found so strangely entombed. The facts will soon be known.

Mrs. Elizabeth G., wife of John Martin of Keating township, one of McKean county's oldest and most respected residents died very suddenly at her home on Thursday, March 19, 1885, at 9 o'clock in the evening, at the advanced age of 72 years. Mrs. Martin was born at Neiffen, Wurtemburg, Germany, January 28, 1813. She was married to John Martin November 24, 1834. In the year 1847 they emigrated to this country and settled on the farm where they have since lived. She has always been an industrious worker, and it is in a great measure due to her exertions that they were enabled to enjoy a comfortable competence in their old age. She was very highly respected and esteemed by all who knew her and was a kind and ever thoughtful neighbor. Mrs. Martin has been a member of the German Lutheran church from early childhood. Not being able to [illegible] minister of her own persuasions, Rev. W. H. [illegible], pastor of the Baptist church of this place, conducted the burial services, which were held at that church on Sunday. A large number of friends and relatives assembled to assist in the last sad rites and do honor to the memory of a faithful friend and a true and christian woman.

The friends of Mos s Shattuck of Keating township gave him a very agreeable surprise on the occasion of his having attained his 80th birthday. The numerous presents were very handsome and the table was loaded with everything that would satisfy a good appetite or tempt a poor one. Mrs. Erastis Curtis' pan of baked beans and delicious pumpkin pies led the van and gave conclusive evidence that although Mrs. Curtis is also over 80 years of age her hand has not lost its cunning in the cooking line. It would be hard to find two more active young people than Mrs. Curtis and Mr. Shattuck. May they both live to celebrate their 100th birthdays.

At a late hour yesterday (April 3, 1885) we learned of the very sudden death of H. J. Barrett of Port Allegany. It is but a few days since Mr. Barrett returned from an extended trip south, where he was stricken down with a severe attack of typhoid fever which resulted in his death. He was an honored member of Liberty Lodge, No. 500, A. Y. M. He will be buried to-day with Masonic honors and a number of lodges from the surrounding towns will take part in the obsequies. The deceased was one of Port Allegany's most respected citizens and his death will be mourned at many a fireside.

For Sale or Rent.

Mrs. Mary Brandt offers her house on King street for sale or rent. For further particulars inquire of

E. L. KEENAN.

Fit your children with "Maloney" shoes and insure them foot comfort.

At Lindholm's.

The Acme Cushion Sole Shoe for Ladies, at Rubin's Shoe Store.

Get your Xmas candies at Brasted's.

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable establishment. Prices are right,

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,

Main Street, Smethport, Pa

Vanblad & Treff,

Practical Horseshoers.

We are pleasantly located on our new building on Water St., where we are prepared to do all kinds of

HORSESHOEING

and

BLACKSMITHING

in a satisfactory manner.

Treating Wrong Disease.

Many times women call on their family physicians, suffering, as they imagine, one from dyspepsia, another from heart disease, another from liver or kidney disease, another from nervous exhaustion or prostration, another with pain here and there, and in this way they all present alike to themselves and their easy-going and indifferent, or over-busy doctor, separate and distinct diseases, for which he, assuming them to be such, prescribes his pills and potions. In reality, they are all only *symptoms* caused by some uterine disease. The physician, ignorant of the *cause* of suffering, encourages this practice until large bills are made. The suffering patient gets no better, but probably worse, by reason of the delay, wrong treatment and consequent complications. A proper medicine like Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, *directed to the cause* would have entirely removed the disease, thereby dispelling all those distressing symptoms, and instituting comfort instead of prolonged misery. It has been well said, that "a disease known is half cured."

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a scientific medicine, carefully devised by an experienced and skillful physician, and adapted to woman's delicate system. It is made of native medicinal roots and is perfectly harmless in its effects *in any condition of the system.*

As a powerful invigorating tonic "Favorite Prescription" imparts strength to the whole system and to the organs distinctly feminine in particular. For overworked, "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop girls," house-keepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon, being unequaled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic.

As a soothing and strengthening nervine "Favorite Prescription" is unequaled and is invaluable in allaying and subduing nervous excitability, irritability, nervous exhaustion, nervous prostration, neuralgia, hysteria, spasms, chorea, St. Vitus's dance, and other distressing, nervous symptoms commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease of the uterus. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets invigorate the stomach, liver and bowels. One to three a dose. Easy to take as candy.

Who Owns an Employee's Invention?

Many an inventor is not a mechanic and is not even sufficiently practical to work out the details of an invention, so that it is necessary for him to employ the skill of some one else actually to construct the invention. A complete inventive act consists of a mental conception of the invention, followed by a reduction of the invention to practice. If an employer forms a complete mental conception of the invention and then has his employee construct the thing he has conceived, the employer is regarded as the inventor. The relation of employer and employee exists not only where a manufacturer uses his own regularly employed mechanic, but where any inventor employs any mechanic to reduce his invention to practice. In this sense a corporation employed to build a machine embodying an invention would be an employee as to the inventor. If there arises any controversy as to who made the invention—that is, as to whether the employer or the employee made the invention—the presumption is that the employer made it, and the employee must show by convincing proof that he made the invention before his claim will be entertained.—Edwin J. Prindle in Engineering Magazine.

There Was No Mission.

The Rev. Eugene Vetromile, an Italian priest who was the pastor for many years at Eastport and who was well known for his missionary labors among the Passamaquoddy Indians and also for his educational work in their language, having compiled a dictionary and a grammar in that tongue, was extremely conservative in all matters relating to his church and was violently opposed to anything that might change its routine. A young lady of his congregation once urged him to establish a mission in Eastport in order to rouse some of the lethargic members of the church whose spiritual condition the good father had been deploring.

"No, no," he replied, with his quaint accent. "I do not approve of missions. Dey make de excitement, but their effects are not lasting."

"Oh, yes, they are," she insisted.

"Well, in that case, you do not need one, for you had one dree years ago!"—Boston Herald.

The Cauliflower.

Of the word "cauliflower" a writer in the London Chronicle says: "The modern spelling is artificial, and if we were to write it as we pronounce it, 'colliflower,' we should be taking a step back in the natural direction. 'Coleflorye,' as they spelled it in the sixteenth century, brings out the true meaning of the vegetable's name—'flowered cabbage'—'cole' being an old word for cabbage and 'florye' representing the French 'fleuri,' or 'fleuri,' flowered. But because in Latin it was called 'cauliflora' it began to be written 'colleflorie' or 'collyflorie' in English, probably by deliberate assimilation to the Latin, and eventually even to be written 'caull,' though still pronounced 'colly.' Meanwhile the second part of the word got popularly corrupted to 'flower.'"

Lange's Stolen Base.

One of the funniest incidents in base stealing happened in Chicago one of the years that Bill Lange led the league in base running. It was a close race between Lange and Hamilton for the honors in base stealing, and the season was drawing to a close. The game was close, and Lange led off in the eighth inning with a two bagger. Anson went to bat and laid down a perfect bunt, intending to sacrifice. He went out in a close finish at first and, looking up, discovered Lange still perched on second. He was furious, but that condition was mild compared to what he experienced an instant later when Lange stole third—and took the lead for base running honors.

Chaldean Weapons.

The analysis of Berthelot not only shows that the Chaldean weapons, ornaments and tools of 5,000 or 6,000 years ago were of pure copper, but that iron, silver and gold were known. The copper age preceded that of bronze, which appeared later in both Egypt and Chaldea. It is further noted, moreover, that the form of hatchets with handles, the process of manufacture and even the practical uses were the same for the pure copper hatchets of Chaldea and the prehistoric hatchets of Europe.

Discouraging.

"You look discouraged."

"I am. Another college has just conferred the degree of LL. D. on my Uncle Benjamin. There isn't likely to be much left for me when he dies."—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Mean Dig.

Miss Passe—I have had many chances to marry. Only a short time ago a man told me of his love. Miss Pert—Did he also tell you the name of the lady?—Meggendorfer Blatter.

How to Enjoy the Circus.

There ain't much pleasure in this life for a man as old as me that is, a feller thinks, except when he is sixty [illegible] likes to smoke his pipe an' set around an' gass an' [illegible] with the neighbors an' has leisure time to [illegible] A man's gettin' [illegible] Seems too much to [illegible] or play, to [illegible] of the good old kind [illegible] [illegible] But there's one [illegible] I [illegible] a circus with some [illegible] I [illegible] I like to be the first show he [illegible] I like to watch those [illegible] eyes snap. Oh, snap they always do. I like to see him smile an' clap an' cram his mouth around an' see him eat lit' peanuts thrown' shells down on the ground. It don't seem very long ago that I was eight or nine, nor long since the first show I saw seemed simply grand—divine. I 'member how I set up there jest in a fit of joy. You see, I know the feelin' that comes to the big eyed boy. I don't care much for circuses like once I used to care. But, friend, I get my pleasure takin' little fellers there. An' while I set enjoyin' it—I mean that kid's real joy—I almost cry to think that I can't be once more a boy.—Denver Post.

Man and His Pockets.

A tailor who had received an order for a suit of clothes was asked by the customer's wife for an interview.

"I want to ask you as a special favor," she said, "not to put any pockets in my husband's clothes."

"Why not?" asked the astonished tailor.

"Because they are responsible for his looking so shabby so much of the time," she explained. "He wears his clothes for weeks without pressing because he says it is too much trouble to change the things in his pockets to another suit. He says that half the men who go around in seedy clothes do so for the same reason. If that is so, just leave out the pockets, and they will have no excuse for shabbiness."

"That is a new point of view," said the tailor. "I will see about it."

But when the suit came home it had the usual number of pockets.—New York Sun.

When Officials Are Efficient.

When the administration of the departments now in charge of our local public officials show better results in economy and efficiency, it will be time, and not until then, to consider an enlargement of their responsibilities.—Everett W. Burdett.

Overdoing the Exercise.

Footpad (with revolver)—Hold up yer hands! Victim—You can go through me if you want to, but I'll be dad dinged if I'm going to hold up my hands any more! I'm tired of doing it. You're the third since I left the lodge.—Chicago Tribune.

Coal dust mixed with salt and water and made into good sized lumps will be found very useful to bank up fires at night.

A FAMILY SAFEGUARD

Dr. Green arranges with the Niece of Dr. Boschee to handle her famous Uncle's Great Throat and Lung Cure.

¶The best family safeguard is a reliable household medicine that will cure croup, coughs, colds, chilly sensations, running eyes and nose, sore throat and bronchial affections—that will keep the children proof against all contagious diseases.

¶Such a medicine is Boschee's German Syrup, which has a record of 35 years in the cure of consumption, catarrh and all lung and bronchial troubles.

¶The fame of German Syrup as a consumptive cure, since its purchase by Dr. Green from the niece of the famous Dr. Boschee, has extended to all parts of the earth. It has big sales everywhere. 10

¶Two sizes, 25c and 75c. All druggists.

For sale by H. C. Wells.

L. K. Hogarth

Has newly decorated and rearranged his drug store and is proud to invite all his old friends and customers and new ones, too, into as handsome and thoroughly equipped a pharmacy as there is to be found in Pennsylvania.

For the holidays he has exclusive and superior lines of

CUT GLASS, PERFUMERY, HAND PAINTED CHINA, STATIONERY HOLIDAY SEALS and BELLS LEATHER GOODS, TOILET ARTICLES, BRUSHES, RUBBER GOODS, Also FINE CANDIES.

L. K. Hogarth,

Leading Druggist.

Opp. Court House, SMETHPORT.

JUST RECEIVED.

Some of the

The Humphries New Nickel Oval Odorless and Smokeless Stoves.

Can be connected with hose or pipe. You can cook on them if you want to. They are just the nursery.

Drop in and look them over.

EDGAR W. STRONG,

BOTH 'PHONES. RUBIS BLO K. Smethport

THE BIG STORE.

GOOD CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

Decorated Dinner Sets, Glassware, Pieces in Haviland and Japanese China, Bissell Carpet Sweepers, Carving Sets, Pocket Knives, Safety Razors, Sleds, Skates, Doll Carriages and Go-Carts, Combination and Self-Registering Money Banks.

J. C. HAMLIN

The Big Store. SMETHPORT, PA.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Dec. 20, 1906.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—The MINER would make a suitable Christmas gift.

—The Warren insane hospital has 446 more patients than can be comfortably cared for.

—At St. Luke's on next Sunday the services will be at 8 and 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.

—A small house witnessed the performance of "New York Day by Day" at the Lyceum last Thursday evening. The play is thrilling, too thrilling in fact, and did not make much of an impression with the audience.

—H. J. Olmsted one of Coudersport's most prominent citizens, died at his home in that place on Saturday, Dec. 8. Mr. Olmstead had been a leader in business and politics and his presence will be missed by the entire community. He was a brother of Judge A. G. Olmsted of Coudersport.

—Much fault is being found with the gas situation here. Some complain that the gas doesn't give any heat, others that the meter runs too fast. The biggest kick comes from Broad street, where it is said the inhabitants thereof are burning the old-fashioned oil lamp for lights and old boxes for fuel, because the company can't get sufficient gas to them through its little two-inch line.—Port Allegany Reporter.

—The following from the Potter Journal hits the nail on the head: Six years ago the Journal paid $6.50 for a subscription record, made to order. Today the same firm asks $8 for a new one just like the former one, giving as a reason that everything, including wages, material, etc., has taken a decided advance. Yet many of the country printing offices are doing work at the same old prices. Why shouldn't printing prices advance in proportion to the higher prices for everything else?

—The Trunk Line Association has granted an open rate of one fare for the round trip from all stations in Pennsylvania to State College, on account of Farmers' Week, December 27th to January 2nd. Good going December 26th to 28th, returning up to January 4th, inclusive. Schedule giving names of 16 lecturers, and the subjects for over 40 lectures and demonstrations in practical agriculture is now ready for mailing and may be secured from Prof. H. E. Van Norman, State College, Pa.

How Frostbite Comes.

The first effect of cold on the skin is to contract the tiny vessels that connect arteries and veins. Arteries are vessels that take blood from the heart. Veins are those that bring blood back to the heart, and the connecting vessels are called capillaries. While these little vessels are contracting the skin itself becomes tenser. In a few moments or minutes the effects change. The tiny nerves whose stimulation caused contraction of the capillaries are more or less paralyzed, and the vessels dilate so the skin gets red. Soon the veins are dilated, and the skin becomes bluish. Then the nutrient fluid in the skin (the lymph) is coagulated, and the stretched skin ruptures or "chaps." If the cold is more severe its action is deeper, and the blood itself may be coagulated. This is frostbite.

Ant Baths.

Persons who are troubled with rheumatism in Russia take ant baths as a cure. It is done in this way by the peasants near Moscow. Finding an ants' nest, he puts into a linen bag the ants, their eggs and necessarily considerable dirt. Returning to the home, he plunges into the hot water of the bath his bag of ants, which he has previously fastened tightly at the mouth. After several minutes the water gives off a very strong penetrating odor of formic acid. The bath is now ready, and the invalid is put into it. Such a bath has a very active irritant action on the skin, being, in fact, a counter irritation that causes the rheumatic pains to disappear.—Strand Magazine.

Venezuelan Cowboys.

When the Venezuelan cowboy wishes to catch a bull or cow for branding or for any purpose, he rides alongside it and, with horse and bovine on the dead run, stoops from his saddle, grasps the creature's tail and with a sharp, peculiar twist sends the animal rolling on its back. From the force with which it falls the creature's horns almost invariably pin its head to the ground, giving the vaquero time to dismount and sit on its head, holding the animal helpless to rise, while a companion ties its legs.

Senator Sorghum in Doubt.

"Do you think that municipal ownership would eliminate graft?"

"I am not quite sure," answered Senator Sorghum, "whether it would eliminate it or simply originate a new kind."—Washington Star.

Your money refunded if after using three-fourths of a tube of ManZan you are dissatisfied. Return the balance of the tube to your druggist and your money will be cheerfully returned. Take advantage of this offer. You can buy [illegible] Anderson, Colegrove, Pa.

Headache

Can be cured only by a remedy that will remove the cause.

The oftener you stop it with headache powders or pills the quicker will it return.

Generally, headache comes from a disturbed stomach or irregular bowels, and almost invariably

Lane's Family Medicine

(a tonic laxative) will cure headache in short order by regulating the bowels and reinvigorating the stomach.

It is a great blood medicine and the favorite laxative of old and young.

At druggists, 25c and 50c.

ONEIDA COMMUNITY TRAPS

The NEWHOUSE TRAP is the best in the world. It is a perfect machine. Hand-fitted. Thoroughly inspected and tested!

The VICTOR TRAP is the only reliable low-priced trap. Don't buy cheap imitations. Be sure the Trap Pan reads as follows:

ASK ANY TRAPPER

THE TRAPPER'S GUIDE

Send 25 cents for the Newhouse TRAPPERS' GUIDE. Tells best method of trapping and obtaining game. Send to Dept. A, Oneida Community, Ltd., Oneida, N. Y.

HUNTER-TRADER-TRAPPER

The only MAGAZINE devoted to the interests of the trapper. Send 10 cents for copy.

A. R. HARDING PUB. CO., Columbus, Ohio

THE ORIGINAL LAXATIVE COUGH SYRUP

Best for Coughs, Colds, Croup, Whooping Cough, Etc.

BEE'S LAXATIVE.

No Opiates, Conforms to National Pure Food and Drug Law.

CONTAINING HONEY AND TAR

All cough syrups containing opiates constipate the bowels. Bee's Laxative Honey and Tar moves the bowels and contains no opiates.

IF YOU WANT ANYTHING IN

PHOTOGRAPHY

Go to GLEASON'S

Everything the latest and up-to-date. The most complete line of picture moulding ever shown in town. 100 varieties to select from. Call and see them.

W. F. GLEASON, The Photographer

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.50.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

New Fall and Winter Styles in Shoes.

Gold Seal and Goodyear Rubbers.

Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport, Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.

STOP! READ! and REFLECT

And then go to

BROWNELL BROTHERS

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS. FURNISHING GOODS, HATS, CAPS. BOOTS and SHOES

AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE

FINEST GROCERIES

TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT

ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

Brasted's Line of Holiday Candies

Fruits, Nuts, etc., are best.

The Guard of the Christmas Gems

By James Raymond Perry

Copyright, 1905, by James Raymond Perry

BUT, after all, not forgetting the rocking horse charger, as gentle as he was spirited, or the belt and sword that gait blitzed, bright bladed affair—or the fascinating air gun that would shoot crimson tipped darts with marvelous accuracy—not forgetting, indeed, any of the many delightful presents—the fact remained that quite the most enchanting thing on the Christmas tree was the wonderful dancing fiddler. He was barely a foot high and proportionately slender, but for all that he was a very Frolike little manikin. And the way he could dance and fiddle was a caution! His fiddling was pantomime; the little violin which he held so lovingly against his neck and which he scraped so industriously with his bow made no sound, but his dancing was quite the real thing, even if it was a kind of shuffle instead of the "light fantastic" kind. All you had to do to make him fiddle and dance was to wind up a spring tucked away somewhere under his little coat and off he would go as lively as you please.

Robbie at once named the dancing fiddler Sambo, because Sambo was the reputed name of a dusky fiddler who in summer often came up on his street with fiddle and song and a shuffly dance to catch the pennies of the pecunious youngsters dwelling there. This little Christmas Sambo was not nearly as dark as the lucky summer Sambo, but he was quite dark nevertheless—after the style of a sun browned Italian. His garments, too, were gaudy and in keeping with the character. He had quite sparkling black eyes—this little manikin could scarcely fail his maker done his work in that wise. Sambo got to scraping and dancing in a real lively sense that began to make Robbie wish he had a Sambo himself. Sambo must cost a great deal of money, though, and papa, rich as he was, couldn't be expected to buy two Sambos for the same Christmas. So it had been only a passing shadow for Robbie, so light and fleeting that it had scarcely dimmed the brilliancy of the Christmas tree at all.

But now Robbie was more certain than ever that the beads must be something very choice, else his mamma would not be so particular about hiding them away from robbers.

"I know where I'll put them," he heard her say as the box lid snapped down and shut in the beautiful beads—"in the fireplace right down in this corner. There! And this spray of holly thrown over it quite hides the box. No burglar would think of looking there for it. And tomorrow, Robert, you must put them in the safe deposit vault. It's too valuable a necklace to keep here in the house.

"Just look at Robbie! He's taken his sword and gun to bed with him!" she added, coming nearer the cot. "Why, you're awake, dearie, aren't you?" she smiled. Then she bent over and kissed him a sweet good night—such a beautiful, beautiful mamma she was when she got down close to kiss him!—and after they had smiled into each other's eyes and she had laid her soft cheek against his for one delicious moment she and papa went out, and it was dark again. But the dark was very nice and nothing whatever to be afraid of. Afraid! Why, there was his faithful gun right where he could lay his hand on it! It was on it this very minute! And just beyond was his trusty sword! And right there by the bedpost waited the speckled charger ready to flee with him if necessary. And over there by the chimney, standing guard, was Sambo, as true a sentinel as ever scraped a noiseless fiddle! So there was nothing at all to be afraid of, even if it was dark. And there were such sweet thoughts in his mind now that there would have been no room for fear even if there had been anything to be afraid of—thoughts wherein the speckled charger, the faithful gun and trusty sword and even the genial Sambo himself retreated into the background, while in the foreground, very near, was the vision of a lovely face with the tenderest and most beautiful eyes looking into his. So had he dropped to dreams again, forgetting the dear toys in the dearer love for his mamma.

He awakened a second time to behold a very different vision. At first he almost believed it was one of those horrible nightmares of which he had had not more than one or two during his short life. But even while almost believing it was one he knew quite well that it wasn't. He knew it was a man—a real, live, dreadful man—standing there within a foot of the bed and flashing a queer little beam of light around the room. The light behind the lantern was so dim that Robbie could scarcely make out the face of a man at all, but that only added to his conviction that the face was truly horrible, and he knew very well what the man was and what he was there for.

Robbie hadn't lived all his little life in a city house without knowing what a burglar was. True, he had never seen one before, but Charlie Stuart had told him only last week about one Charlie's father had seen, and he knew this was one because Charlie had said they carried those queer little lights with them. And now this one had come for those pretty beads. He felt quite sure of it because of what his mamma had said when she put the box in the fireplace—that no burglar would think of looking there for it. Robbie wondered if this burglar would think to. But, of course, he wouldn't, for hadn't his mamma said particularly that one wouldn't? Still he might, and they were such pretty beads, and his mamma had seemed to like them so much. It would be a shame if he should find them and carry them off and mamma should never see them again!

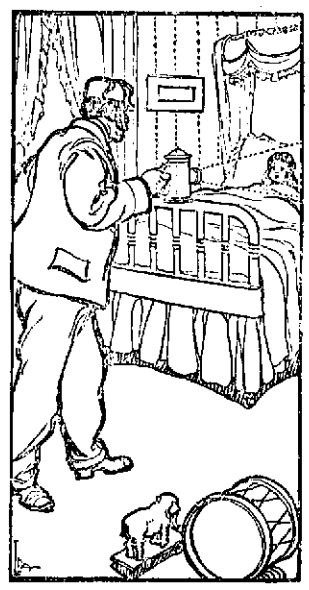
SHE GOT DOWN CLOSE TO KISS HIM.

Robbie reached softly for his gun. Yes, there it was! And there, just beyond it, was the sword. And then suddenly he couldn't see the beam creeping up and down and round the room, but in place of it a quite small but dazzling light was right in front of his wide staring eyes, and he heard a voice not at all pleasant or kind, though it was low, saying: "Don't yer make a noise, kid! Not a sound, or I'll"— The unfinished threat was quite as terrible as if the burglar had gone into minute particulars of what he would do. But that unusual light in front of his eyes and the voice had completely unnerved Robbie, and he had no intention of making a noise—in fact, he couldn't have made one if he had tried. So when the burglar whispered hoarsely, "Where's them sparklers hid?" Robbie was speechless. For another instant the bright light stared him in the face and then wavered away and wandered off over the room.

"I don't s'pose the kid knows," Robbie heard the man mutter. Now was the time for him to reach for his gun and send the burglar scampering, but sword and gun were quite forgotten in the fearful fascination of watching the wandering beam of light and the dim figure behind it. Into this corner and that the beam fell, the speckled charger suddenly coming into relief and then disappearing as the ray rested on it a moment and then passed on.

"Might 'a' hid 'em in the fireplace," speculated the burglar softly, and Robbie's heart sank. The pretty beads would be lost after all.

"Ah! What's that?" the man whispered sharply. Something by the fireplace had clicked in the stillness a sharp click like that of a revolver, and swiftly the beam of the lantern sought the spot. At the same instant Robbie's



"DON'T YER MAKE A NOISE, KID!"

eyes caught dimly the gleam of a raised weapon in the burglar's other hand.

Robbie's gaze followed to where the trembling beam rested. Whether, having heard the burglar mention the fireplace and knowing the concealed jewels were now in extreme peril, Sambo had concluded it was time for him to take a hand in the affair, or whether for other and less sentimental reasons, it is certain he had become an actor in the scene, for, with a click of his wound up spring, off he had started, and down there on the tiled hearth in the wavering light of the lantern he was industriously scraping away at his noiseless fiddle and vigorously shuffling through his grotesque dance.

The burglar uttered a relieved little laugh. "Sure, I thought 'twas some one," Robbie heard him mutter. The man stood for a moment watching the droll manikin, a grin on his rough features. Then he moved toward the fireplace again.

It cannot be asserted positively that the presence of the burglar and the peril of the pretty beads now caused the heart of the faithful Sambo to burst with emotion, but certainly a strange thing happened, for just as the burglar was again stepping toward the fireplace the silent fiddling ceased, and there was a buzz and whir and vibrant twang as if a dozen clock springs had suddenly started to rattle and hum in unmusical chorus. Something in little Sambo's bosom had given way and released the coiled springs that controlled him, and it was these that were making a wild tattoo as they unwound with a rush against wall and tiling. The commotion had not ceased when there was the sound of some one bounding out of bed in the next room, and, with a half smothered oath, the burglar turned and fled to the window through which he had climbed.

And now Robbie boasts proudly to the other little boys on his street, although he felt a little sadly in spite of the new Sambo his father bought him, how the old Sambo gave up his life to save his mamma's string of pretty beads.

"WOULD HAVE THINK OF LOOKING FOR IT HERE."

an all night affair. There were some matters that needed refereeing, and he would see it if they got referred when he grew up.

Robbie rose again when his father and mother softly entered the nursery a half hour later.

"Burglars would never think of looking for it here," he heard his mother say in a low tone. "Oh, Robert, aren't they beautiful! And you're such a dear to give them to me!" she added. And Robbie, again quite wide awake, saw his mother hold up to the light a string of very pretty beads—very, very pretty beads, Robbie thought, for they sparkled in the light very much as he had seen some dewdrops sparkling in the sunshine away back last summer—sparkled with such beautiful little flashes of blue and violet and orange and crimson that you almost wanted to shut your eyes to keep out the dazzle.

The string of beads must have been something very nice, Robbie was sure, for his mamma's exclamations of pleasure when they were handed to her from the tree had attracted his notice for a moment, in spite of the lively scrap Sambo was at the time performing. He had seen the beads sparkling then and had thought he would like to have some just like them. They would look pretty tied around the speckled

PHONETIC VARIATIONS.

How They Broke Up Latin Into the Romance Languages.

What led to the breaking up of Latin into the various romance languages of the Mediterranean basin? Simply the fact that in centuries of almost universal illiteracy there was no check upon the phonetic variations which always going on in every language but which was in this case hastened no doubt by the frequent irruptions into the Roman empire of barbarian invaders and settlers. The standard language existed, indeed, but was inaccessible either to the ear or to the eye of the vast majority of men. Pronunciation, then, shifted from decade to decade and took a different trend in every geographical section of the Latin speaking world. Slovenliness and corruptions entirely supplanted standard forms the very existence of which was forgotten, and it was only when the vernacular literature arose to give relative fixity to a certain number of the innumerable dialects that the process of degeneration was checked. But to give every man the means and to concede to him the right of spelling exactly as he pronounces would be to remove the checks on degradation as completely as if he neither wrote nor spelled at all. Phonetic individualism would presently result in a state of sheer linguistic deliquescence.

This, of course, is an absolutely unthinkable eventuality. Even if a truly phonetic system could be introduced it would be impossible for every parish or every country to have its own literature and its own transcription of the English classics. Linguistic crystallization would take place over larger or smaller areas. We might have, perhaps, five languages in Great Britain—the languages of Wessex, of East Anglia, of Mercia, of Northumbria and of Caledonia. But each of these languages would represent a compromise between various subdialects and would be, in fact, an only quasi phonetic standard language. And if any one imagines that the Bible or Shakespeare spelled quasi phonetically for the use of the west of England could be read without difficulty and disgust by a Yorkshireman or a Scot, not to mention a Californian or a Queenslander, all I can say is that he laughes a vain thing.

The other day in a Scotch railway train I listened to a conversation between a cockney of the shopman class and a Perthshire grazier or gamekeeper. They had quite amazing difficulty in understanding each other. Not a single vowel sound did they produce alike, and it seemed evident to me that the process by which they did arrive at mutual comprehension was a speculative mental translation, often very slow, of the spoken into the printed word. Thus the visual word "game" formed a sort of bridge or halfway house between the cockney's "gyme" and the Scotchman's "gaame."—Fortnightly Review.

A Dazzling Prospect.

A poor Mexican laborer who chanced upon pay ore returned after his fortunate find to the doorway of his miserable hovel and sat down to enjoy at leisure the prospect of riches. At first, he confided afterward to his old employer, his thoughts were hardly thought at all; they were a vague, delicious golden vision in which details were ignored. After a time, however, it occurred to him that he might as well make up his mind definitely what he would do with his money when he got it. He could decide upon but one thing, but with that he was quite contented. Screens in that region were unknown and insects troublesome, but he had heard of a remedy. He would apply it freely where it was most needed.

"When I get my money," he told himself proudly, "I will go to the store and spend it. I will spend generously. I shall have no need to be mean. I will buy fly paper—good sticky fly paper. Sheets and sheets of it will I buy. Then I will return to my house and paper the walls with it, and I shall be no more troubled with flies. Ah, saints, but it is indeed a noble thing to be the owner of a gold mine!"

Profitable Bouquet Sending.

A Russian grand duke, finding himself with a few days to spare in Paris, went one evening to the theater and, being a person of importance, thought himself bound to send a bouquet to the principal actress. A month afterward, being in the same apartments, his servant announced that a lady wished to see him. Going to the room, he found an unknown lady before him.

"I am afraid your highness does not recognize me," she said. "I am Marliquita, an actress, and I have come to thank you for your numerous kind attentions."

"I recognize you now, madame," replied the duke, "but I think you are mistaken. I only sent you one bouquet."

"But it was your servant who brought them each evening," she said.

Accordingly the servant was called, and eventually, with much confusion, he said to his master:

"When I took the first bouquet, your highness, the lady gave me a tip of 5 francs, and as the bouquet cost only 10 sous I made 2 francs over it. So I repeated the performance, with the same result each time. I pray your highness' pardon."

Lucky Dog.

Benevolent Lady—But, my poor man, if you have been looking for work all these years, why is it that you have never found any?

Tramp (confidentially)—It's luck, mum; just sheer good luck.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

M. O. In Chicago as Dead as Caesar.

One of the most remarkable reversals of public opinion on record is that which has taken place in Chicago in the past year in the matter of municipal ownership and operation. The municipal ownership theory, which a little more than a year ago flourished here with so much vigor as to attract the attention of the entire civilized world, is now the deadest duck in the pond. Apparently nobody believes in it any longer. Certainly nobody ever talks any more about it.—Chicago Journal.

The new Pure Food and Drug Law will mark it on the label of every cough cure containing opium, chloroform or any other stupefying or poisonous drug. But it passes Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure as made for 20 years as entirely free. Dr. Shoop has all along bitterly opposed the use of opiates or narcotics. Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure is absolutely safe even for the youngest babe—and it cures it does not simply suppress. Get a safe and reliable Cough Cure by simply insisting on having Dr. Shoop's. Let the law be your protection. All dealers cheerfully recommend and sell it.

ManZan Pile Remedy put up in convenient, collapsible tubes with nozzle attachment so that the remedy may be applied at the very seat of the trouble, thus relieving almost instantly bleeding, itching or protruding piles. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. For sale by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport; C. A. Anderson, Colegrove, Pa.

DR. KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY

Breaks no Hearts, Excuses no Crimes.

Dr. David Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY is not a disguised enemy of the human race; where it cannot help, it does not harm. It is composed of vegetable ingredients and does not heat or inflame the blood but cools and purifies it. In all cases of Kidney troubles, Liver complaints, Constipation of the Bowels, and the delicate derangements which afflict women, the action of Dr. Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY is beyond praise. Thousands of grateful people voluntarily testify to this, in letters to Dr. Kennedy; and with a warmth and fullness of words which mere business certificates never possess. It makes no drunkards—excuses no crimes—breaks no hearts. We challenge a trial and are confident of the result. ONE DOLLAR a Bottle. All druggists. Bear in mind the name and address: Dr. *David* KENNEDY, Rondout, New York. Write for free sample bottle and medical booklet full of valuable medical advice. Mention this paper.

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.
SMETHPORT, PENNA.

CAPITAL - - - - $200,000.00
SURPLUS AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS - - $80,000.00

AUTHORIZED BY LAW

to act as Executor, Trustee, Administrator, Guardian, Assignee, Receiver and in all fiduciary capacities, both under court and personal appointment.

ACTS AS TRUSTEE

under mortgage, Registrar and Transfer Agent of Stocks and Bonds or Corporations.

Interest Paid on Time Deposits. Business and Personal Accounts respectfully solicited

OFFICERS.

HENRY HAMLIN, President.
ORLO J. HAMLIN, Vice-President.
RALPH E. BURDICK, Secy. & Treas.
GUY McCOY, Asst. Treas.

DIRECTORS.

HENRY HAMLIN,
ORLO J. HAMLIN,
RALPH E. BURDICK,
FRED D. GALLUP,
JOHN FORREST

ACME MILL,

F. A. GREEN, Propr.

MY STOCK IS FRESH AND CONSISTS OF

Flour, Feed, Meal, Wheat, Corn Oats, Hay, Straw, Bran, Middlings, Hominy, Linseed Meal, Etc.

Goods Sold for Cash only and Delivered Promptly.

Water & Hill Sts. Smethport

E. W. JONES,

(Successor to F. H. Nourse.)

LIVERY & FEED STABLE
Bennett House Barn

First Class Rigs at Reasonable Prices.

Directly Opposite Court House
SMETHPORT, PA.

UNDERTAKING
— AND —
EMBALMING

IN ALL BRANCHES PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO BY AN EXPERIENCED FUNERAL DIRECTOR

SPECHT & SASSE
SMETHPORT, PA.

A. T. Palmer

LIVERY, FEED & SALE STABLES

FOR SALE,

Horses, Carriages, Wagons, Harness, Etc. Cutters and Robes.

Smethport - Penn.

March 5, 1903.

Blankets and Robes.

The season for Blankets and Robes is here and at the store you can always find

Just What You Want.

all line of Trunks, Telescopes, Suit Cases Traveling Bags, etc., at popular prices. Harness—All the latest styles in single & double, light and heavy harness.

Chas. Lemmler,
Smethport, Pa.

PATENTS

PROCURED AND DEFENDED. Send model, drawing or photo for free search and free report. Free advice, how to obtain patents, trade marks, copyrights, etc. IN ALL COUNTRIES. *Business direct with Washington saves time, money and often the patent.* Patent and Infringement Practice Exclusively. Write or come to us at 625 Ninth Street, opp. United States Patent Office, WASHINGTON, D. C.

CA SNOW & Co.

Professional Cards.

Attorneys.

Gorton & Richmond.
ATTORNEYS AT LAW. All legal business given prompt attention.
Smethport, Pa.

Gallup & Bouton,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. All legal business promptly and carefully attended to. Office over Hamlin's Bank, Smethport, Pa.

E. L. Keenan.
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW
Office adjoining Residence, Main Street.
Smethport, Pa.
All legal business attended to promptly.

BYRON D. HAMLIN. JOHN FORREST.
Hamlin & Forrest
LAW AND LAND OFFICE, Smethport, Pa. Office of the lands of Hamlin & Forrest (formerly Keating & Co.) situated in the counties of McKean, Potter, Cameron, Clinton and Clearfield.

E. R. Mayo & Son,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Office in Odd Fellows Building, over the Post Office, Smethport, Pa Office connected with long distance telephone. E. R. Mayo, notary public.

Thomas H. Morrison,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Smethport, - - - - - Penn'a.
All legal business given prompt and careful attention.

E. R. Sherman,
PENSION ATTORNEY AND NOTARY PUBLIC. Claims for Bounty, Back Pay, Pensions, &c., both War of the Rebellion and Spanish War claims given prompt attention. Special attention given to both widow's and invalid claims under the act of May 9, 1900. Office No. 157 Main street, Bradford, Pa. Telephone 404.

Physicians.

Burg Chadwick, M. D.
—PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON—
Office in Drug Store.
Calls answered promptly day or night.
Bell 'Phone.

H. L. McCoy.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, office in I. O. O. F. Block, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

John Clark, M. D. C. M.,
Office and Residence in Clark Block, Smethport, Pa. Office Hours, 8 to 10 a. m. and 2 to 3 p. m.

W. A. Ostrander, Ph. G., M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
Office and Residence over Lemmler's harness shop.
Day or Night Calls promptly attended to.

G. E. Bennignoff,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, 21 Main St., Bradford, Pa. Special attention given to surgery and surgical diseases of women. Office hours from 1:30 to 3:30 and 7 to 8 p. m.

J. C. Brown,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office and Residence one door East of Catholic Parsonage, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

ROBERT HAMILTON, M. D., C. M,
Office hours—8 to 9 a. m. and 2 to 3 p. m.
Office and residence, Hamilton Block, second floor, Smethport, Pa.

Dr. E. R. Baker,
DENTIST.
Teeth extracted without pain. All kinds of dental work done promptly and satisfaction guaranteed.
Office over McCoy's Drug Store.

DR. PIERCE
TREATS
Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Diseases.
100 Main St. BRADFORD, PA
Over Fischer's Grocery.

C. M. COLEGROVE
COUNTY SURVEYOR
SMETHPORT PENNA.
Office at residence, 406 W. King St.

HOTELS.

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL,
JAMES McGUIRE, PROP'R
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.,
This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

WRIGHT HOUSE,
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
DODGE & SHERBURNE, Props.
F. L. SHERBURNE, Mgr.
This hostelry is newly overhauled and renovated; its rooms are light and airy; its tables well supplied with delicacies and its bar well stocked.

COMMERCIAL HOUSE,
T. H. FURTLE, Prop.
125 Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

BAYER HOUSE,
CLERMONT, PENNA.
This house has just been rebuilt and refurnished. The tables are supplied with the best the market affords and the accommodations are all that can be desired. The bar is supplied with the best brands of liquors and cigars.
BOYD & SMITH, Proprietors.

C. A. BURDICK
Dealer in the following high-grade pianos:
The A. B. Chase, The Van Dyke, Bush & Gerts, Story & Clark, Packard and Malcolm Love,
Wheeler & Wilson, Domestic and other Sewing Machines.
Also representing the Equitable Life Assurance Society, Standard Life and Accident Insurance Co. and Fourteen of the largest Fire Insurance Companies in the United States.
C. A. BURDICK.
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

Ellery's Dilemma

By Constance D'Arcy Mackay

Copyright, 1906, by Mary Cunningham

"What have modern inventions done for us, I'd like to know?" said Jonas Fert, the village philosopher, from his seat on a barrel in the general store.

"They've made life easier," answered Ellery Brown. It was an old discussion of theirs, a topic they fell back on when all else failed. Jonas dwelt on the numerous accidents that were unknown in leisurely stagecoach days Ellery talked of the wonders of machinery and electricity.

"Pooh!" sniffed Jonas. "Who's any better off for the shocks telegrams bring 'em? And as for electric lights—a pretty girl's face used to look twice as well when there were only candles shining! Not that you'd care about that," he added slyly, and Ellery reddened. Every one knew that he was the shiest man in all Elmway village.

As a child he became speechless with confusion when any one noticed him, he stammered and stuttered his way through the gawky age, and when he arrived at young manhood, though popular among his own sex, the sight of a girl's face, particularly a charming one, would send him into an agony of self consciousness, so much so that

"ARABELLA, I LOVE YOU."

always he took the opposite side of the road when he saw a feminine acquaintance approaching. He shunned picnics and socials as if they were a pestilence He would rather have died than taken a girl rowing or driving. His neighbors laughed and wondered what would happen should Ellery fall in love. Ellery himself never considered the subject, and that may have been the reason why love took him unawares.

He was sitting in church one bright Sunday in summer when his attention was arrested by the sight of a stranger in the Hardys' pew, a slip of a girl in blue muslin, with a wide picture hat trimmed with roses.

From where he sat he could see the delicately tinted oval of her cheek and the pale gold of her wavy hair. Then she turned her head, and their eyes met. Hers were dark gray, fringed with heavy lashes. Ellery's heart began a ridiculous tattoo, the hands that were holding his book trembled, and he colored to the roots of his hair.

"It's Arabella Hawkins," whispered some one behind him. Every now and then Ellery ventured a glance in her direction. The sun, slanting through one of the small stained glass windows, touched her with rainbow colors utterly dazzling. "I wish I could walk home with her," sighed Ellery. "But do I dare?"

"If you don't some one else will," his common sense said, and when the last hymn had been sung and the people were moving slowly down the aisles Ellery pressed forward, his courage at white heat. He spoke a word of greeting to Mrs. Hardy and then was presented to Arabella.

How it happened he scarcely knew, but soon he and his divinity were strolling along toward the Hardys', and she was telling him that she had come from Centerville for a two weeks' visit. She was as talkative as she was pretty and had a faculty of putting him at his ease. To Ellery it was an experience as delightful as it was novel, and he resolved to repeat it by calling the next evening.

And, though in the days that followed his footsteps were not the only ones that wended their way to the Hardy gate, he managed to monopolize the greater share of Arabella's time. His shyness was gradually wearing away, but there was one question he longed to ask and could not.

In vain he rehearsed it. Alone in his room it was easy enough to say, "Arabella, will you marry me?" Yet when he was with her the words seemed to cleave to the roof of his mouth. Over and over again he led up to it only to halt miserably when the crucial moment came.

"Could you—could you"— he stammered on one of these occasions.

"Could I what, Ellery?" queried Arabella. They had gone as far as Christian names.

"Could you—go driving with me tomorrow?" It was not in the least what he had meant to say, yet as he mopped his brow it vaguely occurred to him that perhaps in a buggy it would be easier.

But even there, with Arabella by his side, words fail d him.

"Will you will you"— he began.

"Will I what, Ellery?" said Arabella very sweetly and patiently.

"Will you—have an ice cream soda at the drug store on the way back?"

"Certainly," answered Arabella, a shade of disappointment in her voice.

She liked the broad shouldered, honest eyed young fellow more than she admitted to any one save herself, though she never had had so bashful a suitor.

And yet she knew Ellery was no coward. His townsfolk had told her of the courageous things he had done—how he had stopped a runaway horse at the risk of his own life and how one bitter winter day he had crawled to the edge of an ice hole in the river to rescue the eldest Hardy child who clung there, half frozen.

As for Ellery, he felt that time was passing and he was no nearer the goal. "It's terrible," he moaned, "to think I've gone this far and can't go further!" Matters were getting desperate.

"Better hurry up, Ellery!" his friends urged him. "There's a fellow in her own town wants her just as much as you do!"

Advice came thick and fast.

"Why don't you write it?" drawled one waggish acquaintance. "And then she'll be sure to get it."

"Modern invention has done a good many things," chuckled old Jonas Fert. "It's given us telegraphs and motor boats and automobiles, but there's one thing it hasn't done. It hasn't made it any easier to pop the question. That's just as hard today as it was a hundred years ago!"

Ellery groaned. Then his face brightened. "Modern inventions," he muttered to himself—"modern inventions! By jiminy, I've solved the problem! I'll win her yet!"

A few days later a small crate arrived for him. "Looks as if it might be a typewriter," said the station agent, but as Ellery was not given to literary pursuits this guess seemed rather improbable.

Late that night Ellery tiptoed through the Hardys' orchard, holding tight to a mysterious funnel shaped contrivance, on which he had banked all his hopes. The sleeping Arabella was wakened by a voice beneath her window. Slipping on a kimono, she leaned out to listen.

"Ellery," she whispered, "is that you?"

From the shadows beneath came his answering tones, swift and unwavering.

"Arabella, I love you. I love you more than any one in the world. I'm not worthy of you, I know, but I'll do everything I can to make you happy. Will you marry me, Arabella?"

"Yes, Ellery," said Arabella promptly. "But what's the matter with your voice? Mercy!" she ejaculated as there came a sudden whir and click. "You aren't choking, are you?"

"If I am, it's with happiness," said her rapturous suitor, coming quickly into view.

"That sounds more natural," said Arabella. There was a whispered colloquy, and later, in a happy daze, his phonograph hugged securely under his arm, they stumbled along the orchard path. "She'll never know it was done by machine," he murmured, "and since she loves me it's all right anyhow, though I suppose that when I get home I'd better destroy the record or 'twill give me clean away."

At the edge of the road a familiar figure loomed in the darkness. "That you, Ellery?" said Jonas Fert. "It's too black to see a foot in front of me. And they pretend to light this place by electricity! I tell you modern inventions"—

"Modern inventions," said the happy Ellery, "are the greatest things in the world!"

Does the Sun Change Shape?

Professor C. L. Poor as the result of careful study of bellometer measurements, confirmed by that of solar photographs, decided that the sun periodically changes its figure, being sometimes an oblate spheroid like the earth, with its equatorial diameter exceeding the polar, and sometimes a prolate spheroid, having a greater polar than equatorial diameter. His idea is that the solar globe is to be regarded as a vibrating body, having an equatorial diameter on the average slightly in excess of the polar, but changing at certain times so that the ratio of the two diameters is temporarily reversed. The period of variability, he thinks, is the same as the sun spot period. The changes of figure, if they really occur, are so small that only the most delicate observations can make them manifest, but, affecting a body of such supreme importance as the sun, they must possess much scientific interest.—London Graphic.

Pecksniff.

Writing in the Independent Review, C. C. Osborne states that the original of Pecksniff was Samuel Carter Hall, "than whom," he continues, "no man, I venture to think, ever had a larger stock of tags of morality and commonplace quotations from the poets." In 1879 he was involved in a libel action, and to his great indignation several papers referred to him as "Pecksniff." He had none of Pecksniff's coarser vices, being a teetotaler, but he was vain, officious, indiscreet, self complacent, a boastful poseur, offensively voluble and overflowed with moral platitudes. However, in spite of those failings, which marked him as outwardly like to the great hypocrite, Mr. Hall bore no real resemblance to the mean, dishonest and vicious creature depicted by Dickens.

The relief of coughs and colds through laxative influence, originated with Bee's Laxative Cough Syrup containing honey and tar, a cough syrup containing no opiates or poison, which is extensively sold. Secure a bottle at once, obtain a guarantee coupon and if not fully satisfied with results, your money will be refunded. For sale by Edson Pharmacy, Smethport, Pa.

EMIL THAMM,
MANUFACTURER OF
Fine Cigars.

PUNY EAST INDIANS.

The Native Born of English Parents Are a Sorry Lot.

"The queerest sight you see in India is the native born," said the sailor. "The native born is the thinnest, sorriest, laziest, sallerest thing in the way of a white man that was ever invented.

"And he is the proof that England won't never colonize India. For the English can't live in India, you see. The moist heat of that there land, with its nights of 110 degrees and its noons of 130 or worse, takes the strength and backbone out of an Englishman, gives him liver trouble and makes a complete wreck of him.

"If he goes back home, he may recover his health. If he stays in India, he don't never recover it. If he has children born in India, those children are called native born, and for poor, little, puny, spiritless critters they're the limit.

"If them native born English have children in their turn—well, that third generation of native born has none, at least. It is a generation of idiots, paralytics, cataleptics, cripples. If you was to see an army of native born of the third generation, you'd think you had the rams sure.

"Let England get out of India. She does the Indians only harm, and what she does for herself is to turn tall, strong, bloomin' young colonists into them skinny, yeller, whimperin' specters what you call native born."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

THE ART OF TALKING.

Things That Are Essential to a Good Conversationalist.

To be a good conversationalist you must be spontaneous, buoyant, natural, sympathetic, and must have a spirit of good will. You must feel a spirit of helpfulness and must enter heart and soul into things which interest others. You must get the attention of people and hold it by interesting them, and you can only interest them by a warm sympathy—a real, friendly sympathy. If you are cold, distant and unsympathetic you cannot get their attention.

To be a good conversationalist you must be broad, tolerant. A narrow, stingy soul never talks well. A man who is always violating your sense of taste, of justice and of fairness never interests you. You lock tight all the approaches to your inner self, every avenue is closed to him, and when they are closed your magnetism and your helpfulness are cut off, and the conversation is perfunctory, mechanical and without life or feeling.

You must bring your listeners close to you, must open your heart wide and exhibit a broad, free nature and an open mind. You must be responsive, so that a listener will throw wide open every avenue of his nature and give you free access to his heart of hearts. —Success Magazine.

Undiscovered Crime.

"Can you point out a man who at the age of thirty has not committed at one time in his life a crime that would have sent him to the penitentiary?" remarked a trusty at the penitentiary the other day. "I do not believe that there is a man living, excluding, for the looks of the thing, the clergy, who has not done something to bring him here had he received his just deserts. It is not always a great crime that sends a man to the penitentiary. There are men in here for stealing chickens or clover seed or nothing at all. It is easy to get behind the walls. There are many men on the outside who should be in here. I am personally acquainted with a few myself. But the difference between these people and myself is that I have been caught and they have not."—Columbus Dispatch.

Willie Also Discovers.

A teacher in charge of the second primary grade at a Denver school was telling the children about Columbus one day not long ago. She told them all about the home life of the discoverer of America and all about his people.

"His relatives," she said, "were wool combers."

The next day Columbus was discussed again. "By the way, children," said the teacher, "do you remember what his relatives were?"

There was a moment of profound stillness. Then a little fellow in the rear of the room raised his hand.

"You may tell us, Willie," said the teacher.

"They was barbers," said the boy.—Denver Post.

Oranges.

This is the West Indian way of preparing oranges for the table: Peel the oranges, taking off as much white skin as possible; then slice them off all round as you would an apple, regardless of the sections. This leaves the seed, tough, stringy central part and most of the inner skin together and is a much less tedious process than removing the skin by sections. Use a very sharp knife, so as to make clean cuts and not crush the fruit.

Cold Calculation.

"You should do something to claim the gratitude of posterity."

"What for?" asked Senator Sorghum. "I don't know that posterity will have anything I especially desire, and if it should have there is no way for it to deliver the goods."—Washington Star.

Makes Him White

"Jimmy's got a great scheme to get out o' school on nice days."

"How does he work it?"

"He goes out an' washes his face, an' the teacher thinks he's ill an' sends him home."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $1.75 IN ADVANCE.

THE TINY SCIARA.

A Procession of Worms Seen in Hungary and Norway.

In some of the Hungarian forests and in the pine woods of Norway there exists a tiny, wormlike insect called the sciara, of the genus tipula. During the month of July or early in August they gather together in large numbers, preparatory to migrating in search of food or for change of condition. When setting out on this journey they stick themselves together by means of some glutinous matter and form a huge serpent-like mass, often reaching a length of between forty and fifty feet and several inches in thickness. As the sciara is only on an average about three thirty-seconds of an inch in length, with no appreciable breadth whatever, the number required to compose a continuous line of the size above mentioned is almost incalculable. Their pace is, of course, very slow, and upon meeting an obstacle, such as a stick or stone, they will either writhe over or around it, sometimes breaking into two bodies for this purpose.

M. Guerin-Meneville, a celebrated French naturalist, said that if the rear portion of this wonderful snakelike procession be brought into contact with the front part and a sort of circle formed the insects will keep moving round in that circle for hours without apparently noticing that they are getting no "forrader" on their journey. If the procession be broken in two, the portions will reunite in a short time. The Norwegian peasants, when they meet one of these trains, will lay some article of their clothing, such as a belt or handkerchief, on the ground in front of it. If the procession passes over it it is regarded as a good sign, but if it makes a way round the reverse is believed.

FAIR PLAY.

A Plea That Is Respected by Almost All Classes of Men.

There is an appeal to which nearly all classes of men give heed—let us have fair play. You may address a schoolful of mischievous boys on the beauties of goodness, on the evils of cruelty or harshness to their fellows, and they will laugh at you. Exhortations to avoid any abstract evil or wrong and appeals to follow any abstract virtue will seem hazy to almost any collection of ordinary, healthy and lusty young boys, but if their sense of fair play be addressed there is a ready response.

Go among a crowd of wharfingers or longshoremen or the roughest and most reckless sailors, who have neither home nor principles of any sort, and talk to them of the things of the head or of the heart, and they will think that you are a harmless but quite futile specimen from crankdom. Try to awaken in them a horror of the brutality of their usual life, speak in moving terms of the force and beauty of kindness or of virtue or of any attribute of a polite and civilized society and way of life, and you will be soliciting the wind, talking to a statue, shouting in the desert. But in the most uncouth assemblage and in the vilest haunt in the English speaking world mention fair play and found your argument and your plea on that basis, and the effect is instant and eloquent—Philadelphia Ledger.

Overloaded.

Corned beef hash as made by Senator Hanna's cook was very popular in Washington several years ago. When the head waiter of the senate restaurant wanted hash prepared very carefully he ordered it this way: "One corned beef hash for Senator Hanna." One day when the restaurant was doing a heavy business almost everybody seemed to want corned beef hash. "Corned beef hash for Senator Hanna" had been ordered fourteen times. When the fifteenth order went down to the kitchen the chef shouted: "That's fifteen orders for Senator Hanna! He'd better watch out or he'll founder himself."

Saved the Situation.

"Ha, here comes Ratcliffe with a dagger! My last moment has arrived!" exclaims one of the characters in a new melodrama. Unfortunately, however, the actor representing Ratcliffe had forgotten the dagger and come on the stage without it. But he was equal to the occasion. "Villain," he exclaimed, "thou thoughtest thou sawst a dagger in mine hand. 'Twas thine evil conscience supplied the vision. But I will slay thee with a blow of this strong right hand," which he proceeded to do.

More Positive.

"Well," said Cudley scornfully, "I'll bet you didn't do the proposing. It's a safe bet that your wife asked you to marry her."

"No," replied Henpeck, "you're wrong."

"Oh, come now, be honest."

"No, she didn't ask me; she told me to."—Philadelphia Press.

Grindstones Wet and Dry.

The strength of a grindstone appears from tests to vary widely with the degree of its wetness or dryness, stones that are dry showing tensile strengths of from 140 to 180 pounds a square inch, but after soaking overnight breaking under stresses of 80 to 110 pounds a square inch.

That's What.

"A great deal depends upon the dressing," observed the thoughtful thinker.

"Speaking of what?" queried his friend.

"Women and salads," answered the T. T.—Exchange.

Those who want fewest things are nearest to the gods.—Socrates.

Novelty Restaurant.
New York Counts, Clams, Cigars
THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

Officers' Directory.

STATE.

Governor—Samuel W. Pennypacker.
Lieutenant Governor—W. M. Brown.
State Treasurer—Wm. H. Berry.
Auditor General—E. B. Hardenbergh.
Secretary of Internal Affairs—J. B. Brown.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—S. H. Dresser, Bradford.
State Senator—Myron Matson, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—J. W. Campell, Kane; J. M. McKinley, Bradford.
District Attorney—Guy B. Mayo, Smethport.
Sheriff—Geo. W. Mitchell, Smethport.
Prothonotary—S. B. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—S. D. Weaver, Smethport.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; Jno. P. Devlin, Bradford.
Com'rs' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—S. M. Love, Rixford and Leon Curtis, Farmers Valley.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; C. W. Freeman, Smethport; W. I. Oviatt, East Smethport.
Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Bayle, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—E. W. Strong.
Council—James A. McKean president; Mrs. Lann Hyde secretary; Alfred Hagberg, A. A. Abbey, J. F. Rooney, James Herriman, J. C. Cunningham, G. H. Deming.
Justices—B. L. Kemp, R. C. Gleason.
Constable—L. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; F. D. Gallup, treas.; W. F. Specht, sec'y.; John B. Eastman, C. M. Colegrove, John Clark.
Collector—R. C. Gleason.
Assessor—F. H. Freeman.
Auditors—A. H. Kidder, J. A. Swanson, H. E. Tait.
Judge of Election—G. H. Ivyle.
Inspectors of Election—G. P. Vickery, F. H. Rungiville.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.

H. KACE HOGARTH, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Secretary.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiary degree first evening of each month; 1st degree 2d second and degree on third, and 3rd degree fourth meetings.

E. W. STRONG, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment No. 223, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

S. H. CLEVELAND, Chief Patriarch.
G. B. BARBER, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at 2 p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall.

B. L. BORLISS, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.

MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.

Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.

W. H. MORRISON, Com.
F. R. FOSTER, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Tuesday afternoon.

ELIZABETH KIDDER, Com.
BELLE EAGAN, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.

JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.

MRS. E. A. BAKER, Pres.
MRS. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.

C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
CLARA BURLINGAME Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

MRS. MARIA CARTER, W. M.
MRS. ELLA MOONEHOUSE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.

A. A. ABBEY, S
L. R. HOGARTH, C. of R

Churches

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 p. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 3 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p. m.. Sunday School 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic church—J. F. Dugan, pastor. Services in Swedish Lutheran church at 9 a. m. one Sunday and at 10:30 a. m. on the next.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—T. D. Ware, pastor Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Woman's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

PAIN

Pain in the head—pain anywhere, has its cause. Pain is congestion, pain is blood pressure—nothing else usually. At least, so says Dr. Shoop, and to prove it he has created a little pink tablet. That tablet—called Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablet—enacts blood pressure away from pain centers. Its effect is charming, pleasingly delightful. Gently, though safely, it surely equalizes the blood circulation.

If you have a headache, it's blood pressure.
If it's painful periods with women, same cause.
If you are sleepless, restless, nervous, it's blood congestion—blood pressure. That surely is a certainty, for Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets stop it in 20 minutes, and the tablets simply distribute the unnatural blood pressure.

Bruise your finger, and doesn't it get red, and swell, and pain you? Of course it does. It's congestion, blood pressure. You'll find it where pain is—always. It's simply Common Sense.

We sell at 25 cents, and cheerfully recommend

Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets
(ALL DEALERS)

DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific and up to-date. Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years' experience. Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE,
Smethport, Pa.

Pennsylvania
RAILROAD

Time Table—Taking effect May 27, 1906

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

For Clermont, Johnsonburg, Erie, Ridgway, Falls Creek and Pittsburg 10:10 a m week days.
For Clermont, Johnsonburg, Ridgway, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington 7:10 p m week days.
For Lurabee, Olean, East Aurora and Buffalo 9:18 a m 2:35, 4:40 p m week days.
For Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington via Lurabee 9:18 a m week days.
For Rochester 2:35 p m week days.

W. W. ATTERBURY, General Manager.
J. R. WOOD, Pass. Traffic Mgr
GEO. W. BOYD, Gen'l Passenger Agent

KUSHEQUA ROUTE

Trains Leave Smethport at

7:35 a m for Mt. Jewett, Kane, DuBois and Kushequa.
9:45 a m for Bradford.
11:50 a m for Mt. Jewett, Kushequa, Kane and Pittsburg.
2:38 p m for Bradford, Buffalo and Rochester
5:35 p m for Bradford, Kushequa and Kane and DuBois.

Trains arrive at Smethport at

9:35 a m from Bradford
10:35 a m from DuBois, Kane, Mt. Jewett and Kushequa.
12:45 p m from Buffalo and Bradford.
3:35 p m from Pittsburg, Kane, Mt. Jewett & Kushequa.
6:35 p m from DuBois, Kane, Kushequa and Mt. Jewett.

C. H. GLEASON, Agent.

Buffalo, Bradford & Kane Railway.

Time table in Effect June 3rd, 1906, Eastern Time.

Trains leave Smethport via Kushequa Route daily except Sunday at 7:35 a. m., 11:50 a. m., 2:35 p m and 5:35 p. m.

Arrive	a. m.	p. m.	p. m.
Bradford	9:00	12:35	6:00
Mt. Jewett	7:25	10:54	4:30
Kane	8:55	9:30	6:00
Leave	**a. m.**	**p. m.**	**p. m.**
Bradford	6:50	1:20	4:35
Kane	8:50	10:20	3:55
Mt. Jewett	8:20	2:50	6:05

Arriving at Smethport at 8:35 a. m., 12:50 p. m. and 6:15 p. m.

Connections at Bradford with Erie, B., R. & P. Ry. and Penna. Ry. and at Kane with B. & O. R. R. and Penna. R. R.

A. B. CLARK, Gen'l Supt.
R. S. BELLIS, Gen. Pass. Agt.
Bradford.

The Pittsburg Shawmut & Northern R. R.

Effective Nov. 26, 1905

MAIN LINE.

P M	P M	A M		A M	P M	A M
	6:25	8:14	Hornellsville	A 9:30	5:50	
	6:30	8:26	Arkport	9:25	5:48	
	f	f	Burns	f	f	
	6:47	8:30	Hornellsville Jc	9:14	5:37	
	6:54	8:42	Canaseraga	9:07	5:30	
	6:59	8:48	Gurwoods	9:02	5:25	
	7:10	8:59	Swains	8:48	5:10	
	7:28	9:17	Birdsall	8:29	4:57	
	7:33	9:30	Angelica	8:05	4:31	
	8:22	10:13	Friendship	7:37	4:05	
	8:54	10:45	Bolivar	L 7:05	3:33	
5:40		11:30	Olean		2:02	10:23
6:27			Eldred			9:36
6:50			Lurabee			9:28
7:18			Smethport			9:00
8:00			Mt. Jewett			8:12
9:50		L 7:23	St. Marys		A 4:50	L 6:20
		10:07	Shawmut		2:11	
		A 10:42	Brockwayville		L 1:36	
P M	P M	A M			A M	P M

Hornellsville and Wayland Branch

P M	A M	A M		A M	P M	P M
3:30	11:00	7:10	Wayland	A 10:35	3:02	6:58
3:36	11:06	7:25	Perkinsville	10:29	2:56	6:52
3:43	11:13	7:32	Rogersville	10:22	2:49	6:45
3:47	11:17	7:36	Stony Brook Glen	10:18	2:45	6:41
4:00	11:30	7:49	Hornellsville Jc	10:06	2:33	6:29
	f	f	Burns	f	f	
4:11	11:41	7:59	Arkport	9:54	2:21	6:17
4:22	11:52	8:09	Hornellsville	L 9:41	2:10	6:04
P M	A M	A M			A M	P M

All trains daily, except Sunday.
t—leave; a—arrive; f—trains stop on signal or notice to conductor,

B. G. MULHERN, General Supt. St. Marys, Pa.
JOS. T. O'DELL, Gen. Pass. Agt.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY
Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, April 16, 1906.

Trains leave Port Allegany for Coudersport, Ulysses and intermediate stations at 9:30 a. m. 12:40 a. m., 2:45 p. m., 5:10 p. m. and 7:12 p. m.

Trains leave Coudersport for Port Allegany at 4:10 a. m., 8:30 a. m., 1:50 p. m., 4:15 p. m. and 6:00 p. m.

Trains leave Ulysses for Coudersport and Port Allegany at 7:20 a. m. and 3:45 p. m

Sunday trains—Leave Coudersport 9:00 a. m. and 4:15 p. m. Leave Port Allegany for Coudersport at 11:40 a. m. and 6:00 p. m.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R.; at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. R'y. and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. M'CLURE, Supt.

Rooney's is the Place

to buy a nice, sweet piece of

Fresh, Salt or Smoked

MEAT

whether it be a full quarter or a small steak. And for

Fruit and Vegetables

I am always headquarters.

J. F. ROONEY, Smethport, Pa.

THE NEW YORK WORLD

THRICE-A-WEEK EDITION.

Almost a Daily at the Price of a Weekly.

The Presidential campaign is over but the world goes on just the same and it full of news, just as it is—promptly and impartially—all that you have to do is to look in the columns of the Thrice-a Week Edition of the New York World which comes to the subscriber 156 times a year.

The Thrice-a-Week World's diligence as a publisher of first news has given it circulation where the English language is spoken—and you want it.

The Thrice-a-Week World's regular subscription price is only $1.00 per year. We offer this unequalled newspaper and the MINER together one year for $1.65

The regular subscription price of the World is one dollar.

Polly and the Mistletoe

By OLIVE HARPER.

"WELL, Mrs. Li Hung Chang, I bet ever I will," said Polly Adams to a ridiculous china doll that sat on the chimney staring fixedly before her.

It was nearly midnight, and the house was still. The Christmas tree stood all decorated and with the gifts hung upon it in the library, back of the parlor, and Polly had been sitting beside the fire in her pretty yellow elderdown pajamas. Pajamas were a fad that season among all her girl friends, and Polly always, as she said, "kept right along with the procession."

Polly was tired, for she had been busy all that day. They were not rich, and so much of the running devolved upon Polly, and the three boys were home from school, and they had two visitors to remain till New Year's. One of them was Archie—it is enough to call him just "Archie." So, while Polly braided the heavy mass of rich brown hair into one long loose plait, she glanced at the mistletoe and then at the sphinxlike face of the Chinese doll as she said:

"Now, Mrs. Li Hung Chang, what shall I do? Archie loves me. I know it from a dozen—yes, a thousand—

HE WRAPPED THE SHRIEKING LITTLE FIGURE IN ITS FOLDS.

things, but he is so shy and timid. Minnie Blake is engaged, and so would I be if only Archie had the courage of a—a cuttlefish," she hastily added as she thought of her bare feet and possible mice. "Now, if I could hang this mistletoe to the chandelier tonight in the excitement of seeing our gifts I could manage—I know I could—to get him under it beside me, and the boys would do the rest, and then—well, the ice would be broken, I will if you say so. Why don't you speak?"

Saying this, the dainty little beauty stamped her foot, now in its slipper, which jarred the room ever so slightly, and the doll did not its head. Polly laughed, half startled, but with new courage. She took the night light in one hand and the bunch of mistletoe in the other, with its grappling wires, and stole downstairs to the library door and on into the parlor, not noticing that the library door had shut to with the spring lock.

Polly did not wish to awaken any member of the family, so she did not switch on the lights. Her own tiny light but made the darkness visible. It was fearsome down here all alone in the dark, so she hurried and pushed the side table over into the middle of the room under the chandelier, with the mistletoe on it, and then brought a delicate, long legged, gold painted chair, on which she climbed timidly, listening all the while for a sound.

The chandelier was high and Polly not tall, so do her best, standing on her tiptoes, she could not reach the fixture.

"I must get up on the table," she said to herself, "and I hope I'll not fall and break my neck and rouse the house."

Just as this very courageous little maiden stepped to the table with one foot, while the other was still resting on the insecure chair, there was the sound of a latchkey in the front door and then a blast of wintry wind and two voices in the hall. They were those of her oldest and most unbearable brother Fred, and the other voice belonged to Archie Steadman. It was too much for Polly. It would be awful if Fred discovered her.

She tried to step down from her insecure perch, but the treacherous ornamental chair tilted, and Polly came down suddenly, striking her head against the table. She was too frightened to feel the hurt, for the noise was great enough to startle Fred into saying:

"What's that? Burglars, I'll bet. Come on, Arch."

Saying that, Fred bounded forward and switched on the light and, seizing a heavy cane from the hatrack, sprang into the parlor. But Polly had managed to get on her feet and scamper to the library door, dropping one of her slippers as she went and leaving the lamp behind her; but, try as she might, she could not open the library door, and stood there pulling with a strength born of desperation, while Fred said:

"Burglars! Here's the light. They're after the gifts on the tree. Come on!"

With his cane swinging like an Indian club, Fred sprang into the library, while Archie, with his umbrella, followed, and both advanced upon the burglars. They could hear the rattling of the doorknob, and Fred shouted:

"You may as well give up. You're caught!"

And then the library was also flooded with light, which was reflected from a thousand gilded ornaments on the tree, and by the illumination Fred and Archie saw a pitiable little figure in yellow pajamas, huddled up like a cold duckling, with one bare foot and with its head down, in the corner of the door frame as though trying to hide.

From her baby days Polly had had a queer habit of hopping from one foot to the other without moving from her place when frightened or angry. Now one slippered little foot and one pink bare one kept up the familiar hopping movement. Fred looked at the culprit a moment and then sprang forward and, seizing one shoulder and the long braid of hair, turned her around to the light, while the miserable girl covered her face with her hands. Fred laughed loud and long, saying:

"Well, I'll be jiggered if it isn't Polly!"

Archie said nothing and was trying to pretend that he did not know anything at all until he saw the tears streaming through the fingers, and then he said hotly:

"Fred, I am ashamed of you. You are not treating your sister right at all. Here, Pol—I mean Miss Adams," continued he, at the same time jerking the big maroon cover from the old fashioned square piano, to the instant destruction of two plaster ornaments, "Here, Miss Pol—Adams."

Saying this with a lordly air, he wrapped the shrinking little figure in its beneficent folds, while her heartless brother lay on the carpet in convulsions of laughter. She sobbed out:

"I—I—forgot—something—and that is why"—

"Ah, bosh! You just wanted to see if Archie had put a present on the tree for you, eh."

"Oh, I don't!" she cried, while tears trickled down her [illegible]

"Mr. [illegible] I consider your treatment of [illegible] rather very harsh—very cruel."

"Well, I suppose she can't help being a little fool," continued Fred, hugging still.

"If another such remark concerning this ang—ah, your sister—under [illegible] circumstances will sever our friendship. Pol—Miss Polly, I have, a present here. I was going to give it to you tomorrow, but under the present circumstances I shall ask if you will accept it now and here, as you won't you will have a great—ier."

Fred cast a malevolent look at Fred, while he fumbled in all his pockets until he found a small box. Then he reached for one of Polly's wet little hands. Archie looked very imposing to Polly, and little by little her sobs ceased, and by the time he had opened the box she could see through her dimmed eyes that he had a superb solitaire ring for her—one to make the heart of any girl proud, and one in keeping with his wealth. So she even smiled a little as Archie, with one last look of defiance at Fred, placed the sparkling ring on the proper finger and then folded her in his arms proudly and with a look of ineffable happiness, though Polly did look something like a noble squaw.

Christmas With the Mokis.

The whole affair has the character of what we should call a mystery play, the dramatic action representing the fight of the sun god to return northward from his home in the mountains. Malevolent genii are trying to drag him back, while friendly divinities aid him in the struggle. He wins, of course, and comes back to Moki Land to warm the earth with his rays and to cause it to smile with fresh harvests. When those harvests are ripening in the following summer the snake god, which controls the water supply so urgently needed in that arid country, must be appeased by another ceremony specially devised for his glorification, the principal feature of which is the famous snake dance, concerning which so much has been written.—American Family Magazine.

Christmas Post Cards.

The favorite—Christmas post cards have very little room for writing. The entire back of the card is covered with a "Madonna and Child" by Murillo, Raphael, or, to come to more modern times, Gabriel Max or Bouguereau. The coloring is most artistic, and these cards are quite worth framing as little works of art. Some of those Madonnas—for instance, the Raphael "Madonna of the Chair"—are framed in a wreath of glowing holly, which contrasts vividly with the colors in the Roman scarf flung over the back of the chair. Other subjects are to be had in these truly artistic post cards, notably portraits of fair women by Romney and Lely, Reynolds and Gainsborough, Greuze and Le Brun.—New York Globe.

Turkey Which Ended Long Fast.

An odd incident of the last Christmas celebration in St. Louis was the breaking of a month long fast by James Barrington, who had been in custody two and one-half years on a charge of murder. Barrington expected turkey for dinner Thanksgiving day, and when the jail rations were served minus the national bird he refused to eat and promptly went on a strike. He declined his provisions consistently until Christmas, when he got the pined for turkey.

The Gladsome Bells.

"Do you enjoy hearing the gladsome Christmas bells?" we ask of our friend who has retired from business pursuits.

"I did last year, and that's the truth."

"They had a joyous sound then?"

"I should say they had. They were the fire bells, and my stock of unsold but heavily insured Christmas stuff was burned."—Judge.

IN A GERMAN HOSPITAL.

Where the Christmas Angel Visits Suffering Children.

In one of the German hospitals of our country is observed a custom quite in accordance with the beautiful sentiment the Germans weave about Christmas.

Christmas belongs to the children—everybody knows that—but it belongs to them in a deeper, more beautiful, sense than "everybody" knows. One is reminded of it, however, if he witnesses such a scene as is portrayed in this hospital on Christmas eve. One of the nurses dresses in a long, soft flowing robe of white, bearing in her hand a fir bough covered with snow. The snow is cotton sprinkled with diamond dust. This is the Christmas angel.

The children are told of the gentle visitor and wait in their little cots. When darkness is outside they hear the strains of sweet music in the distance. The nurses are singing Christmas carols, and the sounds come through open doors. Then the Christmas angel comes. She goes to each little cot, bending over each little form to listen to the whispered secrets. Each one tells her what he wants on Christmas day. Then, with a tender word, she passes out, and to the sound of the carols they all fall asleep—those who can slip away from pain.

When the day dawns all the children are taken into the kindergarten. Some are carried, some are rolled, and some can walk. Sure enough, each finds there what he asks for—drums and dolls and trumpets and books. On a long, low table is a plate for each one, filled with candies and queer little German cakes. On one wall is a tableau of the Nativity made of small wax figures, and a painting on the wall completes the perspective of hills and shepherds and the gribling star. Hanging from the wall in the center of the ward is a large hoop covered with laurel. At intervals around it are set lighted candles. It is suspended from the ceiling by four white ribbons.

In the fever ward, where the contagious diseases are cared for, the little patients of course cannot leave, but they have their Christmas too. Two large [illegible] stand in each end of the ward, [illegible] illuminated by tiny, many colored electric lights.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

A LOST ILLUSION.

Sadie's Sorrow Over the Absence of the Johnny Smith's Papa.

The loss of [illegible] Santa Claus disguise [illegible] Sunday school entertainment and the consequent discovery that "he was only a man after all" caused one little girl at least acute distress.

Santa Claus was one of the cherished ideals of Sadie's childhood, and she parted with her ideals reluctantly. She was sure she heard the reindeers scamper over the roof every Christmas eve, and the fact that even the gas logs were a pretty tight fit for the chimney did not dispel the illusion that somehow Santa Claus, despite his corpulence, managed to slip through the tiny slit with his pack and leave presents on tree and in stocking.

So when she saw on the Sunday school platform his hoary head and beard, fur trimmed coat, fat stomach and short legs—and, above all, his pack—she greeted the familiar figure with enthusiastic applause. Unfortunately for Sadie's peace of mind, however, the hoary hair and beard became entangled in the branches of the Christmas tree when Santa Claus began to hang up the contents of his pack, and when he withdrew his head, sans hirsute adornment, he revealed the familiar features of a prominent churchman. Then the assemblage was startled by a desolate wail that suddenly rent the air.

"Oh," sobbed Sadie, "there ain't any Santa Claus! He's only Johnny Smith's papa!"—New York Press.

True Christmas Charity.

Last Christmas, says the Des Moines Register, clad in rich raiment, Mrs. Arthur Hyde, the handsome wife of a Des Moines millionaire, faced a bitter wind from noon until 5 o'clock in the afternoon holding in her hand the regulation Salvation Army turkey contribution box, which she took from the hands of Captain Mary Taylor, after telling the latter to return to the barracks, eat her dinner and remain indoors until sent for. Attracted thither by the strange spectacle, money of all denominations was dropped in the box, and when Captain Taylor came to resume her work at 5 o'clock, besides a well filled contribution box she received a large roll of bills from Mrs. Hyde's own pocketbook.

A Strangely Wrought Reunion.

A joyful Christmas celebration in the home of Adolph Gebhardt of Lincoln, Neb., over the return of a long lost brother was brought about through the medium of a moving picture exhibition. Adolph was watching the entertainment one night when he was struck by the strange familiarity of one of the figures. He returned a second and a third night before he was able to recognize the features, and then he startled the spectators by shouting, "It is George; it is George!" It was learned that George was an actor in a New York theater. Telegrams passed, and George arrived in Lincoln on Christmas day. They had not seen each other for nearly ten years.

The Fast Flier.

Time a-flyin' on so fast
O'er the frosty ways;
Christmas comin' all too soon
These here later days!
Scarcely call one Christmas song
'Fore the next one comes along.

Yet, what matter? Let 'em come!
Speed you down Time's river!
Welcome Christmas horn an' drum;
We'll be boys forever!
Time is flyin' on so fast,
Maybe we'll get wings at last!
—Atlanta Constitution.

Christmas In the Caribbean

"IF I can't be at my own house," remarked a naval officer, "I'd rather spend the holiday season on a cruiser or gunboat down in the Caribbean than in the greatest city of the land. Fun? Why, you don't know what fun is until you come to a celebration like the musical comedy given by the crew of a protected cruiser off Santo Domingo on Christmas night four years ago.

"The surgeon wrote the words, and there was a sailor, a regular genius at music, who got up the finest score you ever heard. Why, he'd have made a hit writing music for operas on Broadway if he hadn't died of tropical fever. That comedy—but I guess you'd call it an opera nowadays—was the funniest show I ever saw. Maybe it wouldn't have seemed so to you, but to us it was all that could be desired by the most critical."

"But how did you get a stage or scenery or costumes or makeup?" asked the landsman.

"Oh, that was all easy," he replied. "As soon as the men told the captain of their plan he gave them the free use of the quarter deck, which was cleared for dramatic action. Then the boys built a platform—as good a stage as you ever saw—and chairs or benches were placed in rows until there were seats for everybody, from the commanding officer down to the cook's helper.

"Curtain? Of course we had a curtain. It was made of old sailcloth, and a series of ropes and pulleys made it rise and fall as smoothly as the one in the Metropolitan Opera House. Then,

"THE 'LEADING WOMAN' WAS A SMOOTH CHEEKED SWEDE."

on each side of the stage, more sailcloth was used to conceal the dressing rooms and the 'flies.' As for scenery, the carpenters built wooden frames, and these were covered with sails stretched taut, on which the painters put beautiful trees and houses and whatever else was necessary to complete the pictures. The footlights were electric bulbs, shaded from the audience by tin reflectors.

"The costumes and makeup required as much ingenuity. The organizers had procured a good many feminine garments ashore several weeks ahead of time, but all the smaller accessories were made aboard ship. The false beards were constructed of strands of rope, which were carefully picked out and then shaped up by a fellow who had a talent for that sort of work. Of the same material he wove elaborate wigs. Burnt cork did the work of darkening eyebrows, and face paints were mixed in the fo'c'sle—probably from ordinary house paints, for I guess the sailors weren't particular about their complexions.

"The 'leading woman' was a smooth cheeked Swede, and he was rigged up 'regardless.' I can tell you he was a stunner. The flounces and lace and ribbons he wore would have filled a trunk. The only trouble about him was his voice, but we grew used to that before the end of the first act; what it lacked in feminine delicacy it atoned for in quality. He gave us all the popular songs of a year before in a rich tenor and added a few composed for the occasion, mostly hits at the officers, who took good naturedly all the jokes at their expense. There was a fair plot to the piece.

"The music, rendered by an orchestra of twenty pieces, had been another subject for careful preparation. There were a few instruments on board, and these were supplemented by some bought by subscriptions from the officers, upon whom the men had called for all the cash they received. The extra horns and drums and strained pieces were secured at a port we visited a week previously, and the players had been practicing, often to the annoyance of the officer of the watch near the fo'c'sle, every spare hour their equipment was received.

"Ah, it was a fine show! There we were, a lonesome lot of devils, who hadn't had a look in on a good time for six months. This time we enjoyed like schoolboys who had been cooped between brick walls from September to Christmas holidays. After it was over of course we had banquets, the officers in the wardroom and the sailors in the fo'c'sle, and by the next morning every man of us felt he had spent a real Christmas as Christmas ought to be spent."—New York Times.

TAWNEY'S TORTURED FEET.

The Minnesota Representative's Early Recollections of Christmas.

"Christmas recollections are scattered in my mind always," says Representative James A. Tawney of Minnesota, "with the picture of a sweet and beautiful church lighted in every part with wax candles—thousands of wax tapers—a surpliced choir and the strains of a wonderful organ; this picture against the background of a cold, black morning before sunup, of frozen rutty roads, of a bleak north wind, a breakfast of ginger cookies and a pair of stiff crumpled boots, which made every step of a three mile trudge through the darkness a twinge of exquisite pain.

"I was nine years old. My brother was twelve, and with superior strength and determination he overruled my desire, due to the boots, to turn back for home. The trouble arose from the fact that we had tallowed the boots the night before, and the tallow had hardened. It was necessary to suffer until the warmth of the feet melted the tallow and made the boots less torturesome. So we plodded on.

"It was our first Christmas festivity. We lived on a farm two miles from Bonneauville, in Adams county, Pa., and brother had conceived the idea of going to mass at the Catholic church three miles distant. For this purpose we had risen before 3 o'clock in the morning, had quietly abstracted some cakes from the jar in the cellar, and, as I have described, painfully I trudged to the town and the big church.

"It seemed big to the nine-year-old boy, and it seemed gorgeous in its illumination. Wax candles I never had heard of, and so many I never dreamed existed. We edged in with the crowd and stood at the rear of the church, and my boy eyes drank in a scene which never has been nor probably will be forgotten. It was wonderful, spectacular, dramatic to me, and that picture punctuates the vista of past Christmas days like a striking work of art in a gallery of vaguely remembered pictures."—Pittsburg Press.

THE ART OF GIVING.

Christmas Presents a Subject Demanding Serious Study.

Giving Christmas gifts is almost a science. It is certainly a study for one who really wishes to give and not distress and embarrass. No one is more helpless than the woman who receives an utterly useless and undesirable gift. She is fairly forced into falsehood and is obliged to express gratitude which she does not feel.

The woman who has a green parlor and receives a blue rug, or the woman who has a blue dining room and receives a set of doilies embroidered with purple violets, or the woman with a sallow complexion who is given a delicate pink shawl, is actually made to sin against truth. She feels, if she is of a naturally grateful and tender disposition, that she must express thanks which she does not feel. Then, ten chances to one, if it is not a struggle for her not to pass along those useless gifts next Christmas and fairly involve herself in a mesh of deceit, she goes about terrified lest by any unforeseen chance the first giver should discover the gift in the hands of the second recipient.

Often people are so deluged by useless gifts that memory fails them concerning the givers. Such mistakes are likely to occur, and petty and absurd, but no less lasting, feuds are the consequence.—Philadelphia Press.

The Romance of Mistletoe.

By the Teutons mistletoe was held sacred to Baldur, the sun god, the son of Freya, the Scandinavian Venus. In Baldur all that was beautiful, eloquent, wise and good was honored, and he was the spirit of activity, of joy and of light. Predicting his own approaching death, his mother, Freya, exacted an oath from animals, planets and minerals not to injure him. The mistletoe among the plants had been forgotten. When this was discovered by the treacherous Hoeder, the blind god of brute strength, he took a wand of it, and, being directed how to aim it, the mistletoe pierced Baldur through the heart, and he fell dead to the ground.—Boston Traveler.

Holly Superstition.

There are many traditions connected with holly—one, that it is unlucky to bring it into the house before Christmas eve. There are two kinds of holly, the prickly and nonprickly, and according as the holly which is brought in for the Christmas decoration is smooth or rough the wife or the husband will be master. A bunch of holly with berries must be broken from holly which has been used in church decoration and kept until the next Christmas to protect from lightning and insure a lucky year.

Artificial Snow.

White cotton slightly smeared with vaseline and sprinkled with common salt or diamond dust will make the best wintry effect. For store window or table decoration mirrors make good water imitation with small sized ducks placed on them. The effect of new fallen snow can be produced by taking the branches and dipping in gum arabic water and then sprinkling with flour. Snowball effect can be produced by taking lily balls and covering with cotton wool.—Bee Hive.

Some Christmas Quotations.

The quotations given below may be of some value to those who like to accompany a Christmas gift with an appropriate sentiment: With a calendar, "Write it on your heart that every day is the best day of the year;" with a book, "An old friend to trust;" with a pair of slippers, "We must go together;" with a pair of gloves, "We're a pair if ever there was one."

Christmas at Yum

ON the Island of Yum, where the weather is fair
And the children are always at play,
They never have to wear boots or shoes to wear,
So they run about barefoot all day.
And when it is Christmas and Santa Claus comes
He almost goes out of his mind
He searches in vain for some stockings to fill
When there aren't any stockings to find.

ON the Island of Yum, by the tropical sea,
Where people live right out of doors,
They sleep in the shade of the cocoanut tree
And cook on the sand covered shores.
But when it is Christmas and Santa appears
He's sorry he made them a call,
For how can he slide down the chimneys, my dears,
When there aren't any chimneys at all?

POPCORN AND CANDLES HUNG TO A PALM.

ON the Island of Yum there are thousands of trees,
The mango and banyan and date,
So the children of Yum eat the fruit that they please
And enjoy it, it's needless to state.
But when year old Santa comes every year
He struggles in vain to keep calm,
For popcorn and candles look awfully queer
When hung to a cocoanut palm.

IF I on the Island of Yum were to live,
The children I'd merrily teach;
I'd build 'em all chimneys, and then I would give
A nice pair of stockings to each.
And I'd send out a shipload of Christmas trees, too,
Addressed to the children by name,
And then you would see what a time there would be
When Christmas and Santa Claus came.

—Wallace Irwin in New York Globe.

The Christianstide Lesson.

The Christianstide celebrates the birth festival of our Lord. The incarnation of Christ is the central thought in the history of the world. His birth has exalted the poetry, the music and the art of the centuries. It has changed all social customs and religious rituals. It has given a new glory to human life and a new trend to eternity. This is the time when all bitterness should be forgotten, all family feuds reconciled and all life glorified. God grant that the day may speedily come when the song of the angels celebrating the birth of the Christ may find its fulfillment throughout the whole world.

"Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, good will toward men."—Dr. Robert Stuart Macarthur, Pastor Calvary Baptist Church, New York City.

Caught Santa on the Street.

A Santa Claus from the Salvation Army was ringing his bell beside his iron pot in Fourteenth street, says the New York Mail and Express, when suddenly a little girl broke away from her mother in the passing throng and, rushing up to the pseudo Santa, grabbed him by his gown and began rapidly to tell her wants. First she gave him her full name and address, with many injunctions not to forget. Then she rattled off a list of things she wanted, regardless of the attempts of her mother to induce her to come away and not bother Santa. The little girl was persistent, the crowd gathered around to hear her little invention, and for awhile she blocked traffic on that side of the street.

A Santa Claus Party.

As the once popular "donkey party" no longer holds forth for a novelty, here is something new—a Santa Claus party. Take an oblong sheet and paint or draw on it a Santa Claus. Have a number of red caps cut from medium weight water color paper and distributed among the guests. Taking turns, let each one be blindfolded and, walking toward the sheet, try to place the cap on Santa's head. The person succeeding is the winner and receives the prize of a toy Santa Claus. The two who also come the nearest might be given prizes of consolation.—Bee Hive.

Christmas in the South.

In the south Christmas is celebrated as we observe Fourth of July. The presents may be of the most inexpensive description, but there will be a bountiful supply of firecrackers, torpedoes and roman candles, not forgetting the tin horn, which begins to toot on Christmas eve and continues till midnight of Dec. 25. The cry of "Christmas gift!" resounds, and never once does she hear "Merry Christmas."—Chicago Record Herald.

Subscribe for
The MINER
and get all
the news

The Miner and Tribune Farmer

$1.60 per year in advance. Subscribe now.

Think of Dr. Shoop's Catarrh Cure if your nose and throat discharges—if your breath is foul or feverish. This snow white soothing balm contains Oil of Eucalyptus, Thymol, Menthol, etc., incorporated into an imported, creamlike, velvety petrolatum. It soothes, heals, purifies, controls. Call at any dealer for free trial box.

Piles quickly and positively cured with Dr. Shoop's Magic Ointment. It's made for piles alone—and it does the work surely and with satisfaction. Itching, painful, protruding or blind piles disappear like magic by its use. Large nickel capped glass jars 50 cents. Sold and recommended by all druggists.